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Bush's Shoving Match with Israel

TIME

**How a dazzling
array of medical
breakthroughs
has made**

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**more than just
a dream**



724404 1

Subaru would like to tell you about its special new feature



THIS IS TOUGH TO ADMIT.

But a car is a car. And its sole reason for existence is to get you safely from point A to point B. And back again.

It won't make you prettier. Or younger. And if it improves your standing with the neighbors, then you live among snobs with distorted values.

Now, let's discuss the "Driving Experience": To feel the exhilaration. To experience a sense of power. To be master of the open road and everything before you.

Please. That may have been true in 1918. But it's not true anymore. Not with extended urban gridlock. And the escalating costs of operating an automobile in the 90's.

Still, cars are necessary and the question is, what type of car should one buy?

The answer: The best machine for you. Yes, machine. Let's get rid of all the marketing glamour about the automobile and see the car for what it really is. A machine, and in choosing a machine there are many things to keep in mind:

How long will it last? How well will it do the job? Does it fit my budget? Could I get a comparable one for less? Will I keep having to repair it? And do I like the way this machine feels and looks?

After comparing cars and subjecting them to your checklist, we think you'll find a brand that always makes the finals—Subaru.*

Subaru cars are, in short, intelligently designed machines. In fact, we've often been accused of "over-engineering." That's bad? To engineer something so it lasts longer and works better? We don't think so.

For one, we believe cars should have a longer life expectancy. That's why we try to do everything we can to help make sure the Subaru you buy now will be around for years to come. Case in point: 93% of all Subaru cars registered in the last 10 years are still on the road and running today.¹

Secondly, we think a car should also be engineered to handle whatever occurs—bad weather, lousy drivers, crummy roads, etc. Which is why we offer All-Wheel Drive and why many of our vehicles come with the 4-Channel Anti-Lock Braking System which monitors each wheel to help prevent the car's brakes from locking-up during emergency stops.

Now which Subaru should you consider? Basically it depends on what you need. And how much you want to spend. To give you an idea of the breadth of our line, we'll briefly mention the cars that cover the gamut. The Subaru Justy, the Subaru Loyale, the Subaru Legacy and the new Subaru SVX.²

The Justy³ is for the person who just wants simple, dependable transportation. The Justy offers excellent gas mileage. "On Demand" All-Wheel Drive. Rugged engineering. An Electronically Controlled Variable

¹ Based on R.L. Poll & Co. registration statistics. ² June, 1990. ³ Road & Track's Guide to the New SVX, May 1991.

*Suggested retail price. Does not include dealer preparation, inland transportation, taxes, license and state or title fees. Dealer's actual price may vary.

⁴ September, 1991. For additional information, 1-800-284-8584. © Subaru of America, 1991.

ke to introduce a for '92. The truth.

Transmission which provides the power of a 5-speed with the convenience of an automatic. And the Justy does everything in such a superior low-budget way that for two years in a row it was named *MotorWeek's* "Best Bargain Car of the Year."

The Loyale* is what's referred to as a subcompact. Which is misleading because every Loyale is designed to carry five comfortably and the Loyale wagon has more cargo space than the Corolla wagon (just one more reason why Subaru has become the #1 selling import wagon in America¹). The Loyale also has the same basic engine design as a Ferrari Testarossa. Vented disc brakes. And rack and pinion steering.

The Legacy[™] is our luxury car. Starting at \$12,999* (aren't luxury cars supposed to cost a lot more?) it offers the amenities you'd only expect from a much higher-priced automobile: over 90 cubic feet of passenger space. Air conditioning. 130 horsepower engine. Multi-point fuel injection. And the Legacy, too, has not gone unnoticed. *Car and Driver* stated: "The Legacy looks and feels like a quality piece. It makes us think Subaru's leap into the mainstream is going to create some surprisingly large ripples."²

Lastly, the new SVX. With a 230 horsepower engine capable of producing over 220 pounds of torque, the SVX can do what you'd expect from a muscle car. Like travel from 0 to 60 in 7.3 seconds³. But it also has the features you'd only expect from an absurdly priced luxury sedan: Climate control. Driver's-side air bag. Room for four hefty adults. And priced around \$25,000*, the All-Wheel Drive SVX is built in the Subaru tradition of durable, reliable transportation.

As *Car and Driver* put it: "The SVX dives out of the fog of car wars like a Zero...It will not only change what the word 'Subaru' means, it will raise the all-around performance ante for subsequent cars."⁴

Well, that covers about everything. And we'd just like to say and scream and shout again—That a car is nothing more than a machine. And may the best machine win.



Subaru Justy



Subaru Loyale



Subaru Legacy



Subaru SVX

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TIME

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

By late Friday, things usually begin to take shape and quiet down here at TIME. Except for breaking news, most of the stories for the current issue have already been chosen, written and edited, and some editors are even working on plans for the following week. But for a remarkable group of educators, the week's work on TIME has barely begun. On Friday afternoon, a team of high school English and social-studies teachers meets to look over the emerging crop of stories in preparation for a frenzied weekend of work. By Sunday night they have produced a polished four-page teacher's guide to the magazine. And on Monday morning the guide goes out to 5,000 secondary schools around the country—along with about 150,000 copies of TIME.

The teacher's guide, which has suggested discussion topics and quizzes on the week's news, is only one part of the TIME Education Program, which is produced and marketed by Guidance Associates, Inc., in Mount Kisco, N.Y. (1-800-882-0852). There are also periodic writing and current-affairs contests, scholarship



Missouri students participating in the TIME Education Program

"The magazine is an excellent tool for teaching writing and communications."

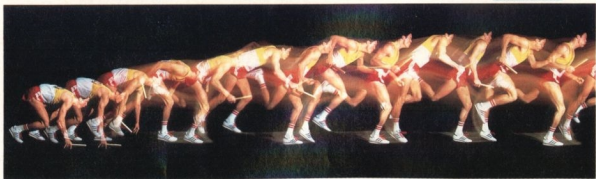
programs and a yearly contest in which students try to guess who TIME's Man or Woman of the Year is going to be. This week, in addition to the teacher's guide and the magazines, schools with

satellite dishes will be able to tune in to Guidance Associates' School and College Satellite Network and watch TIME editors and one of the writers of the weekly guide discuss how to make the recent events in the Soviet Union relevant to their students. "We've been thinking of doing something like this for some time," says the program's editorial director, Wilma Mann, "and the Russian Revolution cover story in TIME seemed like the perfect opportunity." Another new project is TIME for College. Last week a separate teacher's guide went out for the first time to several hundred colleges. The purpose of this program is to help teachers develop the writing ability of their students. Says Alexander Sareyan, our associate director of consumer marketing: "TIME is an excellent tool for

teaching writing and communications." These efforts are a way for us to share the excitement and skills of our profession, so there's a satisfaction there for us as well.

Richard P. Voth

The world's first Olympic fax network is off and running.



As one of the world's leading fax machine makers, Ricoh has been responsible for a number of world's firsts. Now included among these, is the creation of the world's first Olympic fax network. For the first time, the International Olympic Committee

in Lausanne, Switzerland, is linked by fax to Olympic family members in more than 150 countries. As the Winter and Summer Games grow nearer, Ricoh is proud to help smooth the awesome flow of information needed to get them off to a smooth start.



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LETTERS

POWER VACUUM

"Perhaps a truly humane society would feature a blend of both capitalism and socialism."

*Laura D. Todd
Oaks, Pa.*

It is imperative that the people of the U.S. reach out to the people of the 15 republics of the U.S.S.R. with a vital helping hand toward democracy and economic freedom [WORLD, Sept. 9]. They deserve it, and it would be in our interest. Two key moves: 1) following the successful Eisenhower precedent of feeding the East Germans in 1953, send 20-lb. sacks of surplus foods directly to individuals, and 2) following the European postwar precedent, establish a limited transitional convertibility of the ruble, backed by the leading currencies



and Soviet gold and supervised by the Bank for International Settlements. These measures would make a profound contribution to future world peace.

*Harold E. Stassen
Sunfish Lake, Minn.*

More opportunity exists today for nuclear disarmament and world peace than at any other time in the atomic age. In return

for huge cuts in Soviet nuclear arsenals, the U.S. and the European Community could trade food surpluses and food-production and -distribution technology to the fledgling democracies of the former U.S.S.R. Let's support these democracies with enlightened capitalism and self-interest: barley for bombs. We could truly turn nuclear swords into plowshares.

*Paul B. Smyth
Alexandria, Va.
Milo C. Mason
Annapolis*

If the leaders of these freedom-seeking republics spoke of interdependence instead of independence, perhaps the general climate would be filled less with fear and uncertainty and more with hope, encouragement and a sense of renewal.

*Jim Croneberger
Phoenix*

Sure, the Soviet system is moribund, but can we really be so smugly certain that unbridled capitalism (which brought us Reaganomics, massive layoffs and Wall Street scandals) is so superior? Let's quit patting ourselves on the back. Perhaps a truly humane society would feature a blend of both capitalism and socialism.

*Laura D. Todd
Oaks, Pa.*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO JOIN THE NAVY TO BUILD A SUBMARINE.

LETTERS

After the War

Your writer Stanley Cloud speculates on what the world will be like with the U.S. as the only global superpower [NATION, Sept. 9]. Broke and impoverished by our superspending, we will no longer be the power broker in the 21st century. Power in the future will belong to the countries with the biggest checkbooks. Guess who has all the bucks now? Germany, Japan and the oil emirates. Guess who the new superpowers will be?

James Megeath
Franklin, Pa.

Working Stiffs

In the U.S., the rich are getting richer, the poor poorer [ESSAY, Sept. 9]. Who will stop this trend? The politicians? No, they are rich and will vote to enhance their wealth and power. The attorneys and judges? No, they are rich and will use the law to enhance their wealth and power. Corporate owners and managers? No, they are rich and will manipulate money and people to enhance their wealth and power. This system does not bode well for the workers, who have to abide by the decisions of the wealthy and even pay for their mistakes and greed (bailouts, extra taxes, low pay, high prices, loss of jobs). Why

can't workers have more say in their destinies, perhaps through profit sharing or co-ownership of companies?

Ilene Baillargeon
Somerset, Wis.

I'm all for supporting the working stiffs, but it should be done by pushing national incentives, not by championing the unions. They're just another level of unnecessary middle management, with executives who are overpaid at the expense of the workers and national competitiveness. The more we as a society support the workingman and the less we support the unions and attorneys, the more opportunities we will create for our workers and our country and the more competitive we will be in today's global economy.

Frank Ooms
Denver

Are Gay Men Born That Way?

Even if homosexuality is determined to have a physiological origin [SCIENCE, Sept. 9], why should homosexual practices be any more accepted than alcoholism, drug dependency, eating disorders or any of a host of other aberrant manifestations that may also be rooted in physiology? All of these practices, including homosexuality, should be handled the same way: With

respect for the humanity of the individual and with treatment for and discouragement of the behavior.

Genevieve Cochran
Medford, Ore.

So what if gay men are born that way? A straight society will still discriminate against them, just as a white society discriminates against nonwhites. Gay men may have small hypothalamic nuclei. That's not the problem. Too many straight people have small hearts. That's the problem.

Steve Swayne
Oakland

I see no benefit in knowing the reason for sexual orientation. Is the implication that if there is no physiological cause, gay people do not deserve legal protection? Whether people choose to be gay or are physiologically gay is a moot point politically. People who practice religion choose to do so, and yet no one would deny them political and legal protection.

Thomas Foster
Oda, Japan

The Archbishop of Canterbury

Finally you have given us a little coverage of an Episcopalian or Anglican who does us proud [INTERVIEW, Sept. 2]. How



wonderful to read the vibrant, lucid and wise thoughts (even in sound bites) of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, George Carey. His unabashed but intelligent Christian faith is like water in the desert to those of us who all too often find only Newark's Bishop John Spong and "Teenage Mutant Ninja Bishops" quoted in the national news. Thank you.

(The Rev.) Dale Coleman, Rector
St. Matthias Episcopal Church
Shreveport, La.

By using the metaphor "an old lady muttering platitudes through toothless gums" about his church, the Archbishop of Canterbury unfortunately manages to disparage four groups at once: 1) the elderly, 2) women, 3) the mentally incapacitated and 4) the bodily disabled.

David Hemsley
Ottawa

Wichita Abortion Protests

I noticed in your article on the continuing trouble in Wichita [NATION, Sept. 9] that TIME is one of the few major news organizations that still refer to antiabortion activists as pro-lifers. Perhaps these people are pro-birth, but if they were all pro-life, then physician George Tiller wouldn't need to wear a bulletproof vest and check

Twin Peeks

"I did a double take on the double covers of TIME and Newsweek [Sept. 9]," Dr. Dale Smith wrote us from Auburn, Calif. We did too, Dr. Smith. And a number of other readers commented on the same startling coincidence. Only once before have we and our competitor chosen precisely the same photo for our covers (though we've occasionally pictured the same subject, of course): the Oct. 31, 1983, issue of both magazines featured an AP photo, below, taken just after the bombing of the Marine headquarters in Beirut. The Sept. 9 covers, with the dramatic, paint-splattered poster of Lenin, also came from a nonexclusive wire-service photo. "It was the news picture of the week," says TIME picture editor Michele Stephenson. "I guess Newsweek thought so too."



his car for bombs every morning simply because he performs abortions at the Women's Health Care Services clinic.

Rebecca Tuynman
Santa Monica, Calif.

I am pro-life not because I am a great lover of babies but because I am sick of the indiscriminate, irresponsible and frivolous use of sex. It produces unwanted diseases and unwanted babies.

Fleta Moyer-Charest
Delaware, Ohio

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:

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CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS. Compiled by Andrea Sachs



MOVIES

DEAD AGAIN. Kenneth Branagh, Shakespearean phenom of the London stage, hatched an improbable hit from this no-star film noir. Branagh has fun ransacking Hitchcock's skeleton closet, and his wife Emma Thompson is ravishing as the doomed heroine, but there's not much here to prop up a preposterous plot.

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL.

Eric Bogosian is the Swinburne of sleaze. The master monologist finds fetid poetry in the butt ends of urban American lives: street people, soul-dead tough guys, ex-dopester rock stars. They crowd the stage in this one-man show, a 1990 off-Broadway hit artfully filmed by director John McNaughton.

EATING. Since its release in May, Henry Jaglom's "serious comedy about food" has earned a fervent cult audience. A mélange of masochists, we'd say, since the mostly young, blond and svelte women in the cast mostly complain about how fat they are. Of time-capsule value only, to remind future generations of '90s America's obsession with appearance.



BOOKS

THE GOLD BUG VARIATIONS by Richard Powers (Morrow; \$25). This complex novel demands a lot from readers, but its payoff is immense: two love stories coiled intricately around a thrilling intellectual quest to find nothing less than the meaning of life.

SAINT MAYBE by Anne Tyler (Knopf; \$22). In her 12th novel, Tyler turns her generous sympathies and formidable skills to an investigation of the sources and aftereffects—both comic and profound—of religious faith.



MUSIC

ROBBIE ROBERTSON: **STORYVILLE** (Geffen). "Catch a thrill," Robertson sings in *Go Back to Your Woods*, and there isn't a bigger or better thrill to be heard anywhere right now than this ravishing new collection of songs that capture the fragile magic of American mythology and transform it into an eldritch excursion through the collective rock unconscious. Whew! Oh, mustn't forget: it really *jumps* too.

WYNTON MARSALIS: SOUL GESTURES IN SOUTHERN BLUE (Columbia). This three-CD series, recorded in 1987

and 1988, is an ambitious exploration of the most basic jazz idiom: the blues. The 18 sides mark Marsalis' transition from aggressive post-'60s modernism to a more sensual, lyrical style that draws on the work of past masters while forging a personal—and thoroughly contemporary—sound.

FREDDIE HUBBARD: BOLIVIA (Musicmasters). Hubbard seasons his dazzling trumpet with some Latin American spice in one of the most listenable jazz albums of the year.



TELEVISION

IRAN: DAYS OF CRISIS (TNT, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 8 p.m. EDT). The crisis before last—or was it the one before that? An earnest but uninspired docudrama about the events that led up to and followed the Khomeini revolution and the taking of American hostages.



INTRODUCING EXPO AND EXPO LRV.

LBJ (PBS, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 9 p.m. on most stations). Love him or hate him, Lyndon Johnson continues to fascinate biographers. This four-hour PBS documentary provides an even-handed, engrossing recap of his life, career and contradictions.

PLAYED IN THE USA (Learning Channel, debuting Oct. 6, 10 p.m. EDT). Martin Sheen is host for a 13-week series of documentaries and short films, produced by Stevenson Palfi and Blaine Dunlap, celebrating American music, from the making of the cast album for *Company* to profiles of singer Eartha Kitt, jazz/rock fiddler Papa John Creach and legendary bassist and composer Charles Mingus.



ART

THE ART OF BABAR, National Academy of Design, New York City. Nearly 150 drawings and

watercolors from the adventures of everybody's favorite elephant king by his personal biographers, Jean and Laurent de Brunhoff, along with art workshops for children, readings and a lecture. Through Nov. 3.

BEFORE FREEDOM CAME: AFRICAN-AMERICAN LIFE IN THE ANTEBELLUM SOUTH, 1790-1865, Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond. More than 300 paintings, textiles and musical instruments that explore the lives of slaves and free blacks from the 18th century to the end of the Civil War. Through Dec. 13.



ETCETERA

CITIZEN KANE (T.H.E.). Fifty years after Charles Foster Kane whispered "Rosebud" and died, Turner Home Entertainment is offering a newly

restored version of the Orson Welles classic in four different commemorative gift packs, including a half-hour documentary, the original trailer and even a script.

THE CARNEGIE HALL MUSEUM. New York City's

refurbished musical mecca celebrates its centennial with a new permanent exhibit of 200 items. Included are such memorabilia as Toscanini's baton, Benny Goodman's clarinet and a 1964 debut program autographed by the Beatles.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY

Imagine a duet of dueling megastars: the chandelier from *Phantom of the Opera* and the helicopter from *Miss Saigon*. Or a dance number that redubs Tommy Tune's somber, doomy *Grand Hotel* as *Grim Hotel*. Or a patter song to the tune of *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*, in which *I Hate Hamlet* star Nicol Williamson celebrates the joys of humbling his co-stars. This sort of humor—a cunning blend of insiderish wit and broad clowning—has made *Forbidden Broadway* an institution. Since 1982 it has played off-Broadway, enjoying the goodwill and legal cooperation of the very creators it spoofs, and has spawned a national tour and satellite troupes from Los Angeles to London. In the new, eighth edition, everyone shines. Susanne Blakeslee zings Julie Andrews' singing on the Tony Awards in *I Couldn't Hit That Note*. Mary Denise Bentley skewers Tyne Daly's performance as Mama Rose in *Gypsy*. Herndon Lackey is a melodramatizing Topol in *Fiddler on the Roof*, and Jeff Lyons is Jackie Mason—but more so.



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INTERVIEW

How a Superpower Can Avoid Muscle Loss

If the U.S. is to avoid becoming an economic stepchild to Japan and Europe, argues French writer JACQUES ATTALI, America must declare war on its own short-term thinking

By CHRISTOPHER J. REDMAN

Q. After victory in the gulf and the cold war, the U.S. is standing tall. Yet you warn in your latest book, *Millennium*, that America is in decline and could end up as the granary of a Japan-dominated Pacific region. How come?

A. This is not wishful thinking, but I fear a relative decline brought about by a diminishing share of the global market and faster growth elsewhere. Industry is the only lasting foundation of a country's power, and America is lagging behind in manufacturing, which is at the core of a nation's wealth. With the notable exception of the microprocessor, not one new product that has appeared in the past few years was made in America. For high-technology products, the U.S. has a positive trade balance only in those sectors in which it has had a semimonopoly for some time: aerospace and computers.

Q. How else is the U.S. handicapped?

A. By short-term thinking. American managers seek short-term gains and not, as in Japan, long-term rewards. Bonuses are linked to the immediate payoff. Can such a culture think about the consumer goods that will be needed in the next 20 years?

Q. Doesn't U.S. military muscle count for anything?

A. Yes. But in the coming struggle for world supremacy, economic prowess will be critical. Military power cannot last if it is not based upon a strong economic foundation. In the past, powers whose foundations have crumbled have ended up as mercenaries for others.

Q. But the world will need peacekeepers. Can the U.S. play that role?

A. The dismantling of the Soviet threat does not mean the world has become a safe

place with no conflicts. We will need a global peace force. The U.S., acting through the United Nations on behalf of the rest of the world, is perhaps an embryo of a peace force at the world level.

Q. Can the U.S. prevent its own decline?

A. Yes. When confronted by a challenge,

cult to finance what is needed for health and education and the urban environment.

Q. You posit a struggle for supremacy in which Japan and Europe emerge as the main combatants. What has Europe got going for it that the U.S. hasn't?

A. Europe has weaknesses too. But with the elimination of the East-West divide, Europe is a continent that has suddenly doubled its size—from 300 million to 700 million people. It has a high level of culture and enormous capacity for growth, particularly in those East European countries that must now be reorganized from scratch. In what was East Germany, we are already seeing levels of growth of 10% a year. And an enormous boost will come from linking the developing and developed countries of Europe—the kind of boost that may happen between America, Canada and Mexico. But it's happening in Europe on a larger scale.

Moreover, Europe, unlike the U.S., has retained a capacity to produce exportable consumer goods and continues to give priority to industry.

Q. Is the U.S. doing enough to support what's happening in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union?

A. I have no criticism of what has been said and done by the U.S. Administration. As a superpower, America has a responsibility to weigh events in the Soviet Union before embarking on any assistance to a country that remains the largest potential enemy of the Western world. In terms of aid, whatever amount of money is made available will never be enough for the enormous problems these countries face.

Q. Are you concerned that the U.S. may become isolationist in the post-cold war era?

A. This is an enormous danger. I don't see that threat with this Administration. But if American society does not solve its problems and restore its fortunes, it will be tempting for some to say, 'Well, let's return to our own backyard, withdraw our forces from Europe and elsewhere, and take care of ourselves.' That would be a nightmare for Europe. It's why we have to link the U.S. to Europe.

Q. You now head the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, created last year with a mandate to help rebuild what was communist Europe by promoting the private sector. But there is already plenty of private



Americans have demonstrated that they can react and compete. The strong U.S. space industry is the result of the shock of Sputnik. Maybe what America needs is to feel threatened.

Q. But the kinds of threats we are seeing now are more gradual. What could be the economic equivalent of Sputnik?

A. Japan's increased share of the U.S. market for cars and consumer goods. Also the fact that it may be progressively more diffi-

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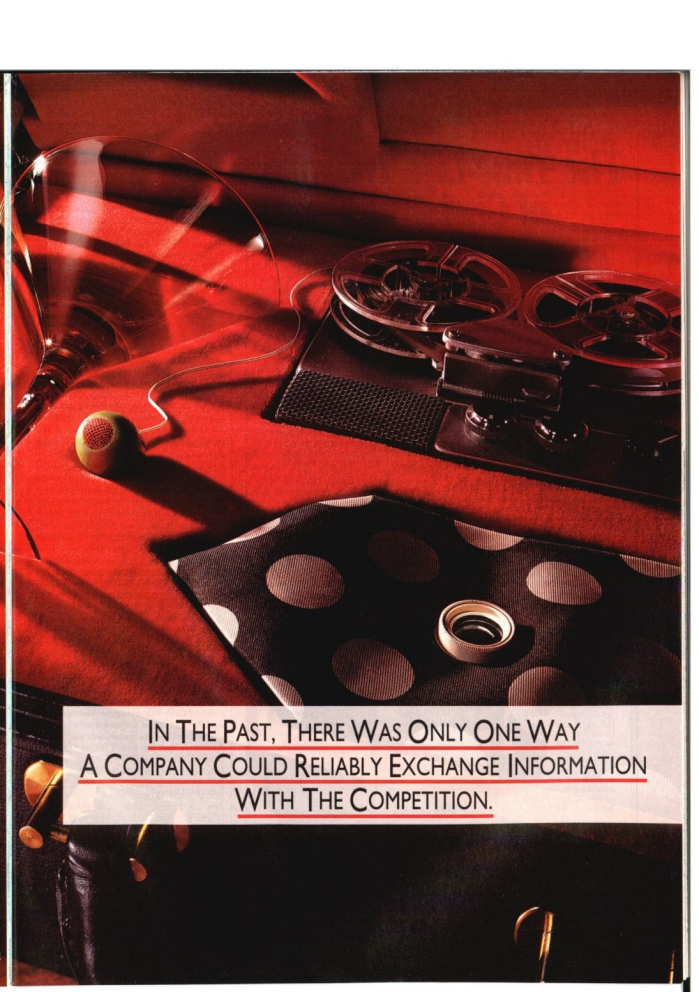
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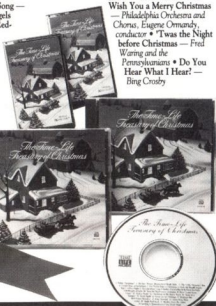
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INTERVIEW

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Q. You gave up a position of considerable influence at the right hand of France's President to head what could be a risky venture. Why?

A. I'm interested in avoiding nightmares. Twice in this century, Europe has had the nightmare of divisions that have led to world war. We now have the chance to end Europe's East-West division and irreversibly reduce the chances of war. That is the great challenge, and the European Bank can play a role.

Q. Some Americans fear they will be excluded from the new Europe.

A. Europe is not anti-U.S. On the contrary. You could say that America is the largest European country and the only real one, because it is home to Poles, Russians, Ukrainians, Italians—all of Europe. It is in Europe's interest to see America not going too far in its ties with the Pacific Rim but linked to Europe. The fact that the U.S., as a member of the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, is a full member of a European institution, and not an outsider, is an excellent omen.

Q. So this new Europe could, in fact, stretch east from Seattle to Vladivostok?

A. It's up to the U.S. to decide. But I think this is in the European interest.

Q. In Millennium you wrote that the coming struggle for supremacy between the two emerging spheres—Europe and Pacific—will pale against the struggle between the world's rich regions and an exploited periphery. What will be the consequences?

A. Simply that the Iron Curtain that once separated East and West will be erected between North and South. The only way to get out of that danger will be to have a global trade agreement that will allow a flow of capital, ideas and goods from North to South, making the world more interdependent and enabling the South to catch up.

Q. As a banker, do you think there is enough capital around to rebuild Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, finance U.S. deficits and help the South?

A. No and yes. No, because we do not have enough savings—again the tendency toward the short term. Yes, because econom-

Orders must be postmarked by December 2, to ensure Christmas delivery.

INTERVIEW

ics is not a zero-sum game. Growth can create new resources. We have seen in the past, in Europe and in the U.S., that if you invest you can create more wealth than you started with. I am sure that in Europe at least, growth, far from depriving the Third World, will create more opportunity for growth elsewhere.

Q. So it's not too late to head off a confrontation between the haves and have-nots?

A. No. Not if the North is bold enough to see its long-term interest, which is to create the conditions for growth in the countries of the South: be generous with their debts, help them build market economies and democratic institutions. And after that, prime the pump of growth and create a virtuous circle whereby investment brings trade and further investment.

Q. You argue in your book that "the making of images and the means of their transmission is imposing its character more and more on objects and goods and products of all kinds," and that if America is unable to compete in this arena, its decline will speed up. Doesn't the U.S., through Hollywood, dominate the making of images—the software?

A. The U.S. has controlled the software since the dawn of the movie industry. But it has no grip on products like VCRs. In 1492 the equivalent of Hollywood was Venice, where more than one-third of the world's books were produced. But even then Venice was in decline, ceding power to the maritime economies like Holland trading textiles and other goods.

Q. Is there a danger of the Soviet Union, like Weimar Germany, falling into the grip of a demagogue?

A. It is not impossible. And it will certainly be more possible if, as in the Versailles Treaty, we are vindictive and not generous.

Q. Are you optimistic about the outcome of the second Russian revolution?

A. We face a situation in which the country is dividing up. There may be in the future no common currency, and many central banks, no culture of freedom or entrepreneurship, nothing. I do believe that it's very important to strengthen the development of a market economy and joint ventures; it's why I'm eager to be allowed to do more private-sector investment there. But even if the European Bank is allowed to do that, no one can say that problems will be resolved overnight. It will be a very long process, and the coming years are going to be very difficult. When Spain shook itself free after Franco's death, it had much more going for it than the Soviet Union, including a successful entrepreneurial tradition. And yet readjustment there produced unemployment as high as 24%. If the Soviet Union is lucky enough to follow Spain's example, we will soon see 40 million people out of work there. ■

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GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

MR. STANKEVICH GOES TO WASHINGTON

He's been compared to the young Jimmy Stewart, he favors jeans and sneakers, and his command of American political history is better than that of some people on Capitol Hill. Word is that Sergei Stankevich, 37, the deputy mayor of Moscow, may soon be appointed Soviet ambassador to the U.S., replacing coup-tainted Viktor Komlektov. Once a professor of American politics, Stankevich has put his knowledge of U.S. constitutional procedures to good use as an outspoken reformer in the Congress of People's Deputies and as a back-room tutor to Boris Yeltsin. Mikhail Gorbachev, who once regarded Stankevich as an irritant, may now view him as an asset, given his political savvy, telegenic charm and easy command of English.



Is he ready for prime time?

LET GEORGE DO IT

West European leaders have remained mostly mum as **PRESIDENT BUSH** has gone toe to toe with the Israelis over the housing-loan guarantees they have requested to help them absorb new Soviet immigrants. But behind the scenes, many Europeans are delighted. They have told Washington officials that by insisting that peace talks and an Israeli pledge to halt settlements in the occupied territories must come before the money, Bush is demonstrating a long-overdue evenhandedness to the Arabs as the delicate negotiations loom. Says a senior French diplomat: "At last Bush is stopping the tail wagging the dog. Without that, the peace talks would be doomed from the start." So why not support him in public? Says a European diplomat: "We don't want to be accused of anti-Semitism."

IF SUNUNU ANSWERS, HANG UP

As the election season approaches, senior Republicans are worried that White House chief of staff John Sununu is burrowing deeper into his bunker, refusing to listen much to anyone except budgetmeister Richard Darman and domestic policy chief Roger Porter. Longtime Bush confidants are miffed at Sununu's recent practice of cutting them off at the pass and having a junior aide return their calls, dictate marching orders to them, and even respond to their letters to Bush. So how is a honcho to convey his thoughts to the President? Last month Bush himself opened up a new back channel, giving his top political advisers a private post-office box number through which they could contact him directly.

NUKES FOR SALE, NO MONEY DOWN

In the midst of Soviet disunion, what's going to happen to the nukes? Money-hungry military officers in some hot spots are already renting armored personnel carriers and other weaponry to local militias with turf to protect. But they could probably get much steeper prices from more ambitious troublemakers abroad, especially those looking for really hard-to-find goods. "In this country at this time," says a Soviet historian, "anything can happen. If you can come up with a guarantee of \$2 million, hard currency, I wager that I can put you in touch with somebody who would sell you a nuclear missile." But how would the buyer get it out of the country? "Easy," he says. "Launch it."

HAVE I GONE TO HEAVEN?

On a hectic Saturday at Saks Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, a harried shoe clerk hardly noticed his latest customer as he cleared a space in a mountain of shoe boxes and settled onto his stool—but then he could hardly believe his eyes. Presenting her dainty soles to the happy salesman was **IMELDA MARCOS**.

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

The Pulitzer jury has never given a prize for writing about the weather, but if it ever does, the New York Times is ready. Last Thursday the sobersided daily began its national forecast thusly:

...be in the 60's and low 70's.

National Forecast

Snowflakes as big as half dollars produced a slushy cover yesterday on roads in Duluth, Minn. Ominous but innocuous cold-air funnel clouds hovered like alien spacecrafts over the warm waters of Lake Superior.

Today, snow showers will form



Imelda's shoes: she's at it again

VOX POP

Do you think Robert Gates is telling the truth when he says he does not remember many of the details of the Iran-contra affair?

Yes	No	Not sure
18%	58%	24%

From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/OWN on Sept. 19 by YankeeGroup/Quincy Shuman. Sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%.

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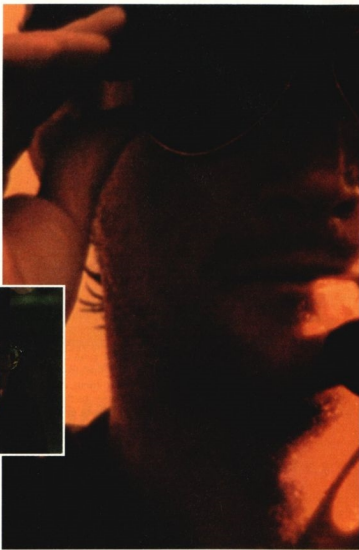
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Though Baker's message was loud and clear, Shamir remained intransigent

DIPLOMACY

Thou Shalt Not Build

Putting muscle behind the U.S. policy against Israeli settlements, Bush for the first time uses money as a weapon against Jerusalem

By PRISCILLA PAINTON

During the Persian Gulf war, George Bush asked more of Israel than any other President ever had—to do nothing while Iraqi Scuds screamed down on its cities. That is why it is riveting to watch Bush now in the role of Israel's angry disciplinarian. But just as it took a fierce anticommunist like Richard Nixon to open the door to China, it was Bush, the Commander in Chief of the armed forces that seven months ago routed Israel's enemy from Kuwait, who had to deliver the message that no other President has ever delivered so publicly before: Israel can no longer expect to exercise a veto over U.S. policy in the Middle East.

Bush's predecessors have wagged their fingers at Israel over the issue of building settlements in the occupied territories. But

the Bush Administration went much further last week, not by using stronger language but by breaking one of the oldest taboos in Washington's patron relationship with Jerusalem; it used money as a cudgel. After two fruitless days in Jerusalem, Secretary of State James Baker made clear that Washington did not intend to grant Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir the full \$10 billion in loan guarantees he has requested to help accommodate an expected 1 million Soviet Jewish émigrés. More important, Baker implied that the U.S. would not grant the Israelis any loan guarantees unless Jerusalem agreed to freeze settlement in the occupied West Bank, Golan Heights and Gaza Strip.

On the surface, U.S. policy had not changed. Two weeks ago, referring to the guarantees, Bush promised only that he was "committed to seeing that they get considered." Last week, instead of subtly



"These settlements are illegal and contravene the Geneva conference terms. They're an obstacle to peace."

—JIMMY CARTER, JULY 1977

pointing at its wallet, the White House made clear that it was ready to pull it away. What had been an admonition came close to sounding like coercion, at least for some Israelis. Said Yossi Olmert, the Israeli government spokesman: "Bush has crossed that Rubicon."

If he means what he says, Bush has initiated a fundamental change in America's "special relationship" with Israel. For two decades that relationship has meant unconditional subsidies to Israel, which put the U.S. in the awkward position of indi-



"The United States will not support the use of any additional land for the purpose of settlement . . ."

—RONALD REAGAN, SEPTEMBER 1982

"The foreign policy of the United States says we do not believe there should be new settlements in the West Bank or in East Jerusalem . . . and that's our strongly held view, and we think it's constructive to peace."

—GEORGE BUSH, MARCH 1990

rectly financing the illegal settlements. "This," said a White House official, "is very high stakes." But higher still are the stakes involved in a peace conference that the Bush Administration hopes to co-sponsor in October and sees as the culmination of its post-gulf war strategy. Like any good mediator, the Bush Administration is determined to get both Arabs and Israelis to the bargaining table without appearing to favor either side. "If we're willing to underwrite an economic program to settle the occupied territories, we don't ex-

actly look like a neutral party," said a senior Administration official.

As if to underline his evenhandedness, Bush last week briefly resumed his role as the leader who crushed the Arab world's largest army. He interrupted a scenic walk through the Grand Canyon to tell reporters that the U.S. had alerted warplanes that they might have to return to Saudi Arabia to pressure Saddam Hussein into complying with the gulf war cease-fire.

The move comes after six months of frustrated efforts by United Nations in-

spectors to uncover Iraq's leftover arsenal. According to U.N. resolutions passed after Baghdad surrendered in February, Iraq must allow the U.N. to inspect and destroy its nuclear, chemical and biological weapons, but recently Saddam has refused even to let the teams use their own helicopters. Although U.S. fighter planes are still awaiting orders to escort inspectors, Bush made clear that his patience with Saddam was running out. "I'm plenty fed up," Bush said. "He's not going to question our resolve on this. He knows better than to

Do you favor providing Israel with this loan guarantee?

Yes 37%

No 56%

Should the loan guarantee ...

... be held up until Israel agrees to halt settlements in the occupied territories? 40%

... be given without such a promise? 15%

... not be provided at all? 34%

From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/ CBS on Sept. 13 by Knowledge Concern Schuman. Sampling error is plus or minus 1.5%. "Not sure" omitted.

take on the United States of America."

Lately the bulk of Bush's impatience has been directed at Jerusalem rather than Baghdad, as the Administration pursues its goal not just of drawing Arabs and Israelis into negotiations but of keeping them there. The U.S. is gambling that it is better to confront Israel now, rather than later, with the inevitability of trading part or all of its occupied territories for peace. "We are trying to shake them up, make them talk about it at home, and face that reality," said a senior Administration official.

While there may be a diplomatic logic to the upheaval in U.S.-Israeli relations, the White House did not expect the exchange to be so acrimonious. Bush wrote to a major Jewish organization in the U.S. last week saying that he was "concerned" that some of his public suggestions the week before about the power of the Jewish lobby may have "caused apprehension" and that he "never meant to be pejorative in any sense." But by the time the letter went out on Tuesday, personal insults and cries of betrayal were in the air. Bush picked up Monday's newspapers to read that he had been called an anti-Semite by a member of the Israeli Cabinet. And when Baker arrived in Jerusalem, his motorcade was pelted with tomatoes.

Within days, Israel's Foreign Minister, David Levy, was lamenting the "Kafkaesque situation" in U.S.-Israeli relations, while Finance Minister Yitzhak Modai said Israel had engaged in "unprecedented folly" by stepping up the pace of construction in the settlements and thereby "provoking" Washington. Nonetheless, there were few signs that Shamir planned to appease Bush on the issue. Shamir's mood was perhaps best captured by the comments of Israeli Agriculture Minister Rafael Eitan, who heads the right-wing Tzomet Party. Said Eitan: "We should make do without these guarantees and should stop being humiliated."

Like many showdowns, this one was brewing for months, blew up quickly and was, at some level, personal from the outset. Bush, who rests much of his geopolitical calculations on his relationships with world leaders, felt Shamir had twice misled

him about the settlements, first in 1990 and again last February. On both occasions, the White House claims, the Prime Minister assured the President that Israel contemplated no new ones and then permitted fresh construction to go forward only a few months later.

On Aug. 31, the Bush Administration asked Israel privately to postpone for 120 days its request for the loan guarantees. When Israel refused, Bush tried to persuade the pro-Israeli lobby and its friends in Congress to go along with the delay. But while they continued to listen, they cranked up their counteroffensive. Says a senior Administration official: "We knew there would be opposition, but we had no idea they would launch a full-blown lobbying campaign against us."

ists also threatened to turn Jewish financial contributors and voters against recalcitrant Congressmen. Bush, already aware of the arguments of the campaign, was made even more furious by wire reports of state statements by Israel's Housing Minister, Ariel Sharon, that Bush, in pursuing peace, had fallen into "an Arab trap."

On Sept. 11, Bush and his advisers met with Republican congressional leaders and phoned other lawmakers of both parties to assess the situation. "They were afraid to oppose Israel's request unless the President showed that he would go all the way take the debate out of the backroom: where the lobby almost always wins, and take it to the American public," a White House official said.

Before going that far, a team that included National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft and an chief of staff John Sunun waged a last-minute telephone campaign out of Scowcroft's offices that went on into the evening of Sept. 11. They were trying both to seek a compromise and to take the measure of the Israeli lobby's pre-emptive strike. The next morning Bush made a final pitch in the Oval Office to Mayer Mitchell, a leader of the American-Israeli Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), the largest pro-Israel lobby. When Mitchell proved to be noncommittal, Bush decided to move.

The speech he gave later that day was meant to strike the tone of a leader courageous breaking with the past. But domestically, it carried few political risks and even played to Bush's advantage. As a Republican, Bush has little to lose in having the Jewish vote remain solidly in the Democratic camp—less than 1 percent of the total vote, by a White House measure. And it has much to gain by betting the few images rankle voters more today than that of their government being held hostage to special interests. A poll conducted last week for TIME and the CBS News Network seems to prove his point: 37% favored providing Israel with the guarantees; 56% were opposed.

That is why Bush has carefully cast his fight over the loan guarantees in terms that average Americans can appreciate. In his speech he pointed out that the U.S. spends nearly \$1,000 for every man, woman and



Within a few days, the lobby expanded plans already in place for a Sept. 12 "fly-in" of about 1,200 supporters of Israel from 40 states to make their case to their lawmakers. One of their whispered arguments was that Bush and Baker, a pair of Waspy Texans who did oil business with the Arabs before they went into politics, had demonstrated dangerous anti-Israeli inclinations and needed to be shown that they could not push Israel or the Jews around. Lobby-

child in Israel each year. Then he suggested that the aid was not so much charity as it was extortion at the hands of AIPAC. "I'm up against some powerful forces," he said. "They've got something like 1,000 lobbyists on the Hill working the other side of the question. We've got one lonely little guy here doing it." The Bush strategy left Israel with nothing but the prospect of a Pyrrhic victory. Said a Bush adviser: "If he wins, he wins big, because he beats the Israeli lobby. If Shamir wins, he has to put up with Bush's longevity and hard feelings."

The Democrats, for their part, lose in two ways. They have been forced to the sidelines as Bush keeps the focus on foreign policy, reminding voters that the mastermind of Desert Storm is again at the helm. And Bush has taken a step toward defusing the one issue they have put forward on the eve of the 1992 campaign: he would rather spend money solving foreign problems than domestic ones.

Last week both the Democrats and the Israeli lobby fell silent, tacitly acknowledging they were outgunned. The lobbyists

were almost nowhere in sight, with some confessing to friends like Wisconsin's Democratic Congressman David Obey. "The President has all the cards." Said Rabbi Marvin Hier, dean of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles: "The campaign is gone. No one is going to take on the President of the United States."

Wisconsin Republican Robert W. Kasten, who with Democrat Daniel Inouye of Hawaii has sponsored a Senate proposal to approve the guarantees without a 120-day delay, agreed to wait for Baker to return from the Middle East before taking the bill any further. Meanwhile Vermont Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy, who chairs the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, said he would hold off pushing for the \$10 billion loan program and planned to toughen restrictions on any future aid, so that Israel would, in effect, be punished for every dollar it spends on the settlements.

"We may not be able to pass a law to stop the Israelis from building in the occupied territories, but we can see that they

don't use our taxpayers' money in a way that is contrary to American policy," Leahy said. Even House majority leader Richard Gephardt, a frequent critic of the Administration who had been pushing for quick approval of the loan guarantees, rushed to the floor to denounce the "polarizing comments" coming from Israel's leaders.

If Bush's sense of resolve has become a bit infectious, it is because on foreign policy he does what he often will not do at home: he stands for principle, explains himself and takes risks. But in the delicate strategy game of securing Israel's presence at the negotiating table, Bush may find himself on the losing side. The Israelis have said emphatically they will not allow the tempest over loan guarantees to keep them from taking part in the peace talks. But they have also suggested that without the U.S. in their corner, they cannot engage their Arab neighbors with confidence and goodwill. That would make, in the end, for a brief and barren conference.

—Reported by Lisa Beyer/
Jerusalem, Michael Duffy/Washington and Christopher Ogden with Baker

Is the Flood of Soviet Jews Drying Up?

Anatoli Nemov speaks with all the soul of a Russian artist when he talks about emigrating to Israel. "I will always feel drawn there," says the 37-year-old Moscow actor, "but I couldn't climb with all my soul into that life. My language is Russian. My culture is Russian. I am a person of art. I cannot create art in such conditions. Our creativity doesn't exist there."

So, unlike his relatives and friends, Nemov will remain behind. He is one of a growing number of Jews who are choosing not to join the 310,000 of their brethren who have moved to Israel since Mikhail Gorbachev relaxed the restrictions on emigration in 1989. They know that at home the winter promises only hardship and that the rise of nationalist groups could revive harsh anti-Semitism. But they also see around them the signs of renewal for Soviet Jewry—the gradual reopening of Jewish schools and cultural centers, the increasing attendance at synagogues—and a new push for democracy in the aftermath of last month's failed coup. "I am a member of the Russian intelligentsia," says Nemov, "and my place is here."

Tens of thousands of Soviet Jews have canceled or postponed their departure. Of the 300,000 expected to emigrate this year, only 112,000 have already done so. One reason is Saddam Hussein's missile war against Israel during the Persian Gulf conflict. But beyond that, these Soviet Jews heard from friends and relatives in Israel of the desperate housing and job shortages, the families doubled up in hotel rooms and mobile-home camps. Soviet engineers, doctors and musicians find themselves working as janitors,

construction workers and gas-station attendants in Israel; roughly 40% are unemployed, compared with 11% of the country's total work force.

Israeli officials insist that the slowdown is temporary and that they still expect an additional 1 million Soviet Jews to resettle in Israel between now and 1996. For a country of 4.8 million to plan to absorb such numbers represents a massive commitment to economic and social expansion. The roughly \$9,000 that the government grants to Soviet families in the first year cannot sustain them for long, and without private and foreign investment there will be too few jobs for them to fill. SATEC, a Jerusalem-based high-tech firm founded to capitalize on the contributions of Soviet immigrants, employs 45 people and receives 1,200 résumés a year. "We're able to choose the best people because so many apply," says spokeswoman Sami Oberlander. "Many of those who work for us have family still looking for jobs, or who want to come to Israel but are waiting until the job situation improves."



Religious retrieval: elderly Jews at a Moscow synagogue

Those Soviets who seek to retrieve their Jewish heritage, or who view Israel as the Holy Land where destiny draws them, will come regardless of what hardship awaits. But others, in search only of a better life, may find little to choose between the Soviet Union and Israel. Their dream most often lies in America. But the United States will admit only 50,000 Soviets this year, which still leaves many of the country's Jews wondering where on earth to go.

—By Nancy Gibbs,
Reported by Ann M. Simmons/Moscow and Robert Slater/Jerusalem

Michael Kramer

Nobody Does Nothing Better Than Shamir

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—Moshe Dayan

"Israel has no foreign policy, only a domestic political system."

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Several years ago, I asked Shamir about the Dayan and Kissinger observations. Both were correct, he said, admitting that his nation's obvious security needs and geography combined with an increasingly conservative politics to support his own heartfelt suspicion of the Arabs in Israel's midst. "But there is more," he added calmly. "You see, I just don't believe in trading land for peace. I mean I don't believe in it."

Since then, and despite his willingness to attend the peace conference that James Baker has been trying to arrange, Shamir has not changed his mind. "It is not a religious notion for him," explains the Israeli philosopher David Hartman, "but rather a deeper commitment to a historical consciousness that says a vital people has been too long denied its rightful place on all of the land of Israel." What is politically significant, says Hartman, is that "the people trust Shamir to stick to his guns. They know he is not out to win a Man of the Year award, that he's not interested in having cocktails with the goyim. The polls say a majority would favor trading land for peace, but they know that if it is Shamir who cuts a deal, it will be because it is smart to do so, not simply expedient."

A deal? Only dreamers still hope that the Prime Minister's hard line is a negotiating gambit. Realists know better. Most skulk away depressed. Some summon the courage to strike back, as George Bush is doing.

For Shamir, a territorial compromise that could realize the hope of most Israelis to live in peace is not a dream at all, but a nightmare. "Peace for peace" is what Shamir wants, a pledge of Israeli cooperation with her poorer Arab neighbors in exchange for an end to the Arab boycott of corporations that do business with Israel. Beyond that, Shamir is perfectly satisfied with the status quo. To him, Israel appears blessed: Saddam is defanged, Syria has been humbled because its longtime patron, the Soviet Union, is consumed with its own problems, and the Palestinian *intifadeh*, while a nuisance, rarely intrudes on the daily lives of most Israelis.

Understand Shamir's basic intransigence on the central question and you can appreciate why Israel precipitated the latest settlement dust-up. And make no mistake about it: it was Shamir, not Bush, who started it all—intentionally. "At

some point, the Issue—we capitalize it—will really be joined," says a Shamir adviser. "Whenever that time comes, the Prime Minister's 'no' could kill the chance of U.S. aid in the settling of Soviet Jews. So we decided to try and get the money first. Given our underlying position, we reasoned it would be harder later, not easier."

Buttressed by an assumption articulated long ago by Defense Minister Moshe Arens—"It doesn't matter who the President is as long as we have the Senate"—Shamir's American allies began their campaign. The conventional wisdom held that no American President would risk precious political capital by vetoing legislation supporting Israel. When Bush threatened just that, the Israelis were stuck. But even those who call Bush an anti-Semite must know that the President is merely anti-Shamir, or more properly that Bush is simply exercising an American prerogative to quarrel with another government's policies.

Is there any way out? Creative diplomacy may resolve the instant crisis. Israel may get the absorption assistance it seeks in some form, at some time. But the Issue will linger, and if the logjam is to be broken, the burden of change should be borne

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Many Israelis buoyed by Yasser Arafat's seeming acceptance of their right to exist in December 1988 have had second thoughts. "Beyond everything," says the Israeli author Ze'ev Chafetz, "beyond the continuation of terrorist actions, the Palestine Liberation Organization's refusal to amend its covenant [which calls for the destruction of Israel], the P.L.O.'s support for Iraq during the gulf war, and the insistence of West Bank Palestinians that their statements and actions be cleared by Arafat, there is a single image that will probably not recede for all of our lives. It was when we were all huddling with our gas masks hoping the Scuds wouldn't hit and the Palestinians were on their rooftops cheering. It will be a long time before anything the Arabs say is trusted."

David Hartman, who has long favored a two-state solution, agrees. "Baker needs to spend less time trying to stop the settlements, which won't happen, and more time convincing the Palestinians that they must prove to us that they understand that we are home, that we are equally entitled to live here. If that ever happens, the hard-line ideologies will fade as controlling political forces, the settlements question will be resolved, and we will be as welcoming of the West Bank Arabs, and perhaps even of the P.L.O., as we were of Anwar Sadat."

If and when Hartman's dream is realized, the Shamirs will be thanked for having helped to keep Israel together for almost a half-century of unending hostility, and then they will be retired. Until then, the rejectionists will rule—and half in frustration, half in admiration, Israelis will continue to say what they have said for years: Nobody does nothing better than Yitzhak Shamir. ■



Pressure point: right-wing protesters in Jerusalem

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Gates' confirmation hopes brighten as charges against North are dropped

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

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It was probably inevitable. Four years ago, Senate select committees on Iran-*contra* granted North limited immunity from prosecution in return for hearing his side of the story. That gave North a large opening: though he was subsequently found guilty of obstructing Congress and mutilating government documents, his attorneys convinced an appeals-court judge that the case should be reviewed "line by line" to ensure that none of the witnesses in his trial had been influenced by the nationally televised hearings. Two weeks ago, North's old boss, former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, stunned prosecutors by admitting that he had indeed been swayed by the retired Marine lieutenant colonel's emotional testimony in the summer of 1987.

Independent counsel Lawrence Walsh then faced a difficult choice. He could either prosecute North all over again or let the matter drop. Walsh chose to write North off and concentrate on prosecuting Clair George, the CIA's former chief of covert operations, who was indicted three weeks ago for lying or obstruction during a series of investigations into the Iran-



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Gates' performance was not unblemished. He admitted to slanting intelligence analysis in at least one case to support the policy of higher-ups. In written answers to the panel, he was repeatedly unable to recall key conversations or documents. Though he had little evidence to support his hunch, former CIA official Alan Fiers said he believed Gates knew of the existence and perhaps the extent of North's network but kept his distance from the operation.

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Throughout the week, Gates fingered a small, oblong white stone in his left pants pocket. An avid hiker, he had picked it up last summer while walking in the Cascades. Having put in 25 years with the agency as of last month, Gates told intimates that the stone provided a comforting reminder of what he could be doing a year from now if the Senate fails to confirm him.

—With reporting by Jay Peterzell/
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—With reporting by Jay Petersell/
Washington



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES L. LOVINE

We created it. We named it.
We nurtured it. We want it to have the best of care, too.

So we improved our Quality Care service to guarantee that Ford quality doesn't end when you drive out of the showroom.

No corner garage or jiffy repair chain can match our expertise. It's simple: Blood runs thicker than gas and oil.

We're burning the midnight oil. Proper service, like good parenting, isn't a 9 to 5 job. Last year, we gave our dealer technicians 1.6 million hours of formal training to apply homework, not guesswork, in the latest techniques on servicing your car.

And we installed a 24-hour hotline number to a central "brain trust" for answers to the thorniest service questions.

And we help younger technicians to earn college degrees in auto technology while they work at our dealerships. (It's like locking in first-round draft choices.)

We gave our guys better toolboxes. Our OASIS program is a direct 24-hour link back to the factory to provide up-to-the-minute technical and repair data. It also gives the service technician a recent history, like a medical history, of your car's service record.

New diagnostic equipment (code name: SBDS*) is in place. It's a powerful computer system that talks with the computers in your car. It uses 29 different "tools" that accurately measure and evaluate dozens of maintenance tests, many of which skilled eyes and ears can't detect.

It may be your car



Tell us where it hurts, we're listening. Talk is cheap. Listening is even less expensive.

So we created Customer Diagnostic Forms that help you and the technician pinpoint and translate a car's moans and groans into successful repairs.

More midnight oil: We instituted more courses to upgrade our people's abilities in the fine art of how to listen to and understand your needs, and then act on them better. If this sounds like a course in human relations, it is.

We've shifted into high gear. We're expanding services to get you out faster.

If a replacement part is not in stock, our optional Next Day Parts Delivery ensures that the needed parts — genuine Ford and Motorcraft parts — can be at the dealership the next day. Try that one down the street.

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Believe it when you see it.

We invite you to join the 9 million satisfied service customers who are taking advantage of our Quality Care service. Stop in any time. After all, we are family.



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Facing the future: Is it time to rethink the whole notion of affirmative action?

CIVIL RIGHTS

What Price Preference?

Fears mount that affirmative action may cheapen black achievements while failing to help the underclass

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

As the Supreme Court confirmation hearings on Clarence Thomas made evident, affirmative action to benefit blacks and other minorities has become one of the most bitterly controversial social policies in the U.S. Some whites have opposed the idea from day one. Others initially accepted the concept of social justice but now argue that racial preferences have gone on long enough and ask whether minorities expect special treatment in perpetuity. Beyond the white backlash is a growing body of dissent, or at least disquiet, among blacks—including some who have benefited directly from affirmative action.

They offer three striking arguments: 1) the very existence of preference programs may aggravate racial tensions; 2) preferential advancement for any blacks serves to cast doubt on the credentials of all blacks, both among white onlookers and, even more perniciously, in the minds of black achievers themselves; 3) the primary fruits of affirmative action, from admission, into prestige law schools to entry onto the corporate fast track, have been harvested mostly by middle-class blacks rather than members of the underclass. In sum, according to this view, affirmative action has succeeded at getting more black people into better jobs but has often failed to achieve the goal of fostering a more equal society.

While most blacks stop short of opposing affirmative action outright, an influential few suggest that the concept needs rethinking. Outright quotas, the flash point of white opposition, are increasingly rejected

as counterproductive because of how whites administer them. Says Larry Thompson, deputy general counsel of Wall Street's giant Depository Trust Co.: "Most of us who have benefited from or participated in minority recruiting would be against numerical goals and quotas because all they lead to is taking the first 10 dark faces that walk through the door instead of taking people who are qualified."

College recruitment has proved to be of limited value unless accompanied by tutoring and counseling to help disadvantaged students all the way through. Since 1976, according to Reginald Wilson, who tracks minority affairs for the American Council on

The poverty line is defined as an income of \$12,674 a year for a family of four.

10% of all **WHITE** Americans are living below it

31% of all **BLACK** Americans are living below it

26% of all **HISPANIC** Americans are living below it



Education, the share of black high school graduates attending college has dropped from 35.4% to about 30.8%, vs. 38.8% for whites—primarily because of higher dropout rates for blacks. "The tragedy on many campuses," says Wilson, "is that recruitment of minority students gets a lot of attention but remedial programs necessary for them to succeed do not."

Most important, preference programs seem to have only a minimal effect on breaking the cycle of ghetto poverty. As Yale law school professor Stephen Carter points out in the autobiographical *Reflections of an Affirmative Action Baby*, "What has happened in black America in the era of affirmative action is this: middle-class black people are better off and lower-class black people are worse off... The most disadvantaged black people are not in a position to benefit from preferential admission." In response, some scholars wonder whether socioeconomic class ought to augment race, or even replace it, as a criterion in affirmative action. Proponents say that would be fairer and, in a society of limited resources, more effective. They add that it might diminish backlash—especially if preferences went to poor whites as well.

The idea of affirmative action for whites, of whatever condition, strikes most black social scholars as absurd. Many blacks already view with skepticism and even resentment the proliferation of preferences to other ethnic groups and to women, none of whose legacies of oppression remotely compare with slavery and the segregation that followed. Yet the idea of focusing on truly poor blacks is attracting growing support. Says Christopher Edley Jr., a Harvard law professor: "Trying to use economic disadvantage as a basis for affirmative action is valuable. But it should be a supplement. Race is still an independent contributor to disadvantage and remains a crucial fact of social life."

Carter, who describes himself in an interview as "a critic but not an opponent" of affirmative action, has been hailed by other eminent black scholars as articulating a

new focal point of debate. "Perhaps what seems a backlash against affirmative action," he writes, "is instead (or in addition) a signal that the programs, at least in their current expansive form, have run their course. Or perhaps, if the programs are to be preserved, they should move closer to their roots: the provision of opportunities for people of color who might not otherwise have the advanced training that will allow them to prove what they can do."

Carter's most striking suggestion is probably beyond the capacities of deficit-burdened universities. After assessing and minimizing the alternative reasons for low black college enrollment—joining the military, running afoul of the law, immersion in the drug subculture—he speculates that the biggest disincentive is cost. Thus, he says, "preferential financial assistance (for all its

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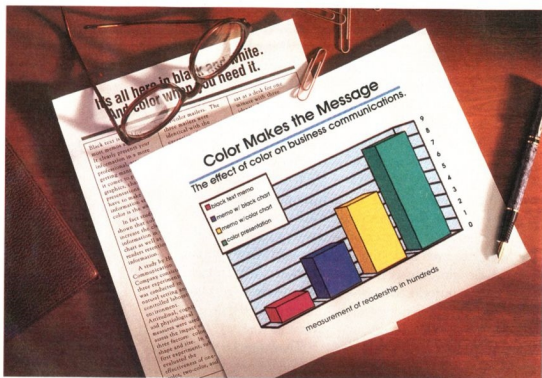
between using only two buttons on the remote control.

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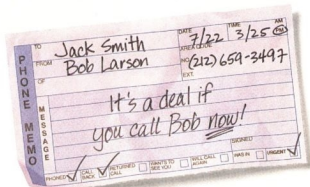
Another NEC pager worth checking out is the Facts Relay.TM It can store up to 16 messages of up to 20 characters each (maximum storage capacity of 200 characters). And its 12-character illuminated display is easy-to-read—even in the dark.

No matter where your business takes you, NEC's new Facts family of pagers will keep your messages coming. All are engineered with the quality and reliability you've come to expect from NEC, a world leader in computers and communications. Make sure you get armed with the Facts from NEC soon! For more information, please call 1-800-225-5664.



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But with NEC's Facts CourierTM pager, you can still take the message when you can't take the call. It spells out messages of up



Or later.

NEC

obvious problems) might actually be a more logical and efficient solution than preferential admission." At the other end of the spectrum, when students emerge from graduate school, Carter contends, "the case for preference evaporates."

Carter is far from alone in perceiving affirmative action as primarily a middle-class boon. Thompson, who has recruited for his college, Yale, and his law school, Berkeley, says prestige institutions fared far better in the '60s and '70s at empowering the poor. Now, he argues, they enroll the children of black alumni. Princeton admissions dean Fred Hargadon allows that prestige schools are not finding enough of the disadvantaged, black or white: "None of us are yet so successful with affirmative action that we can spread resources to other social problems."

Whatever the best universities and largest corporations do, however, affirmative-action programs are fated to remain distant from the problems of the ultra-poor. Says Eleanor Holmes Norton, a former chairman of the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission: "Affirmative action is now essentially a tool for getting people better jobs" rather than for bringing the economically excluded into the system. This results from what economist James Smith, author of a U.S. Labor Department study on the problem, dryly labels a "pro-skill bias." Most such programs operate at colleges and graduate schools or in private business. By the time impoverished blacks are of an age to deal with these institutions, many of them have been overwhelmed by a combination of inadequate schools, troubled homes and neighborhoods, an environment of drug use and other social ills. Even those with the will to work often need remedial training far beyond any corporate internship.

That sad fact does not invalidate affirmative action. Although it is viewed as a Democratic program, its underlying rationale includes a classic Republican trickle-down theory: the idea that having more black doctors and lawyers and professors and business executives—which affirmative action has achieved—will provide a more stable black community and better role models for the next generation.

But those role models may pay their own psychic price. The most poignant passages in Carter's book, or for that matter in the private conversation of many other "affirmative-action babies," speak of the "best-black syndrome." Over and over, Carter recalls, teachers told him he was the "best black" they had enrolled. He felt he was always set apart, never allowed to succeed or fail in open competition. Racial preferences, he suggests, have only partly healed our society. Affirmative action may mean we are no longer separate. But in the minds of whites and blacks alike, it keeps achievements from being viewed as equal.

—Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/
Washington and Elizabeth Rudolph/New York

SCANDALS

Doing Well by Doing Good

The top U.S. Olympic official resigns amid charges that he accepted at least \$275,000 in improper payments

As president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, Robert Helmick had a job whose power and prestige were rivaled only by the nobility of its ideals: patriotism, sportsmanship and international understanding. For the past six years, the Des Moines lawyer and former water-polo star controlled a \$75 million annual budget and headed a federation of 41 organizations that train and finance America's Olympic athletes.

But last week Helmick's reign ended abruptly amid reports that he had accepted payments from organizations seeking Olympic contracts. His sudden resignation from the unsalaried post shook the USOC and sapped public confidence during a crucial fund-raising period, only five months before the 1992 Winter Games begin in France.

According to newspaper reports, Helmick received at least \$275,000 in consulting fees over several years from clients such as Turner Broadcasting, the U.S. Golf Federation and Saatchi & Saatchi advertising. Helmick admitted receiving the payments but insisted that he had done nothing wrong. "There was no conflict of interest," he said.

A longtime sports lawyer, Helmick claimed to have formed many of his business associations before he came to the USOC and maintained that he "accepted business only for valid business reasons." He said he was leaving the USOC to ensure that it would not be "paralyzed" by controversy. But William E. Simon, the former

U.S. Treasury Secretary who was USOC president from 1981 to 1985, had a very different view. Helmick, he said, had committed an "impropriety" that made his resignation "necessary."

Helmick was not the only suspected Olympic profiteer. According to the U.S. Skiing federation, which trains the Olympic ski team, USOC executive director Harvey Schiller offered to augment the team's financial grants in exchange for ski passes and accepted free ski equipment for his personal use. Schiller denies this, saying he paid for all the equipment he received. But Howard Peterson, president and CEO of U.S. Skiing, also charged last week in a letter to the USOC that "individuals in the USOC have used their position to intimidate and threaten others who comment on the actions of the USOC."

Peterson attributes the USOC's alleged abuses to its near absolute power. "Some of the sports federations receive 90% of their funding from the USOC, and two-thirds take at least 50%," he says. "When you have such dominance from one source, a lot of people are unwilling to risk being open to retribution."

As for Helmick, his troubles are not yet over. The International Olympic Committee, of which he has been a member since 1985, said that it would also investigate his business deals and that his position there could be in jeopardy. Meanwhile, the executive committee of the USOC will meet this week to take up an urgent task: choosing a new president.

—By David E. Thigpen



Not exactly a banner year: Helmick before his resignation

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Union, NJ

Reppco Distributors
Islip, NY

Rodi Automotive, Inc.
Port Washington, NY

Rose Auto Stores—Florida
Miami, FL

SPC Warehousing, Inc.
Phoenix, AZ

Seattle Automotive Distributors
Seattle, WA

Service Parts Warehouse
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Sleg Company
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Specialty Parts Warehouse
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Royal Oak, MI

Speed-O-Tech, Inc.
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Star Automotive Warehouse
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THE URBAN JUNGLE

At the End of Their Tether

Arrested for chaining up their wayward daughter, a Bronx couple win sympathy for trying to beat the mean streets

By NANCY GIBBS

In New York City parents are usually arrested for trying to kill their children, not for trying to save them. So when police were tipped off that a couple in the Bronx were keeping their daughter chained to a radiator, they moved in, figuring that they would be rescuing the girl and preventing a tragedy. Maria and Eliezer Marrero were hauled off in handcuffs; bail was set at \$100,000, a sum fit for a murderer; and their daughter Linda, 15,

onment and endangering the welfare of a child. There was a special irony in that charge, since it was being leveled at parents who had been driven to despair watching as their daughter was seduced by the ghetto's most beguiling drug. "We are not criminals," said Maria. "There was nothing else to do."

As the story unfolded in the tabloids, it forced other parents to wonder whether, given the same choices, they might not have done the same thing. Friends and neighbors were accustomed to seeing Lin-

toting drug dealers demanding money if they said she owed them.

Maria and Eliezer say they had petitioned the city for help. They called welfare agencies and urged the courts intervene. City officials admit that child like Linda fall through the cracks. "I really haven't faced this before," said MJorie Valleau, spokeswoman for the Child Welfare Administration. "I'd be happy to name a specific program that specializes in the children." Which left parents to their own meager resources. "They said what I did was cruelty," said Maria. "But when I begged them for help they denied it to me. How can they say was cruel?"

Last week Linda seemed to have reached the same conclusion. "My mother prefers seeing me here, chained, than dead in a jail," she said, lending a whole new meaning to the notion that parents need to set limits for their children. She even said she would be willing to be chained again. "As long as I'm with them, I wouldn't mind."

After two nights in jail, Maria and Eliezer returned home as heroes. Linda, meanwhile, had left the foster-care center and turned up in a local crack house. She said she had not been doing drugs—she just went to see her friend dance, listen to music, as though this were a natural place for a teenage girl's pajama party. "I'm desperate now," her father told the *Daily News* after he tracked her down. "I'm going to the hardware store to buy another chain."

By this time the drama had become New York's latest epic tale of urban tragedy. Talk-show producers swooped down to book the family for television, thereby ensuring that their private lives would not be the same until the lights had dimmed. When a photographer arrived at the tiny apartment, Linda, who still clings from a baby bottle, was lying on the floor of her room under a dirty blue comforter sucking her thumb. She refused to pose for pictures until her father cajoled her with hugs and soothing promises. "We haven't slept for days," Maria said, as camera crews from the local station camped outside.

But Eliezer saw value in all the attention. By the end of the week his family's anonymity in this most anonymous city was gone, and city agencies were vying with one another to see which would do the most to help the family. The judge reduced the parents' felony charges to a misdemeanor. "It's good for us," said Eliezer, instructing his family to hug for the camera. Linda just lay down on her mother's lap. "Estoy cansada. Quiero dormir. Dejáme quieta"—"I'm tired. I want to sleep. Leave me alone." —Reported by David Seldman/New York



Torture or tough love? Thanks to the headlines, the Marreros may get the help they need.

landed in a foster-care center in Queens.

None of this would be especially remarkable, except that by the end of the week fewer people were praising the courts for saving the child than were defending the natural rights of parents to lash their children to radiators. As the Marreros tell it, they had tried everything to keep Linda in school, off drugs and out of the local crack house. When all else failed, Eliezer, a building superintendent, went down to the local hardware store and bought a 15-ft. chain. If the Marreros could not drive drugs from their door, they could at least lock their daughter behind it.

They wound up in a courtroom that has seen parents who threw their children out windows, dipped them in boiling water, beat them with electrical cords. The Marreros, who had never had any trouble with the law, were accused of unlawful impris-

onment and endangering the welfare of a child. There was a special irony in that charge, since it was being leveled at parents who had been driven to despair watching as their daughter was seduced by the ghetto's most beguiling drug. "We are not criminals," said Maria. "There was nothing else to do."

As the story unfolded in the tabloids, it forced other parents to wonder whether, given the same choices, they might not have done the same thing. Friends and neighbors were accustomed to seeing Lin-

AMERICAN NOTES



Turnabout: a fake billboard gives whites a taste of discrimination

RACISM

Wanted: White Caddies

Drivers on the Tri-State Tollway just southwest of Chicago were startled last week by a billboard plugging the Afro Country Club, "where only the ball is white." They were even more startled the next day, after overnight vandals wrote NIGER (sic) and K.K.K. and daubed a swastika on the sign. Similar racist graffiti were sprayed on road signs in the town of Justice, the racially mixed bedroom community of 11,500 where the billboard was located.

Designed by artist Mark Heckman, who has put up other

activist posters, the tollway sign touting the mythical club was intended as a sardonic comment on the exclusion of blacks from many of the nation's golf courses.

"I wanted white people to get the feeling of what discrimination is like," says Heckman, who is white. "A lot of people don't think racism is there. In many subtle ways of course it is."

Within 48 hours, following a flurry of protest calls and a personal request from Mayor Edward Rusch of Justice, the billboard's owners took the artwork down. A satisfied Heckman said, "The sign accomplished its goal, and I'm more than pleased."

CONGRESS

Calling Bush's Bluff

Jobless benefits have come back to haunt George Bush—and this time the President may find himself unable to worm

away from the issue. Last week the House of Representatives passed a bill that would provide up to 20 extra weeks of unemployment compensation to the 2 million people who have run out of unemployment benefits since Jan. 1. Bush signed a similar bill last month, but it never

THE MILITARY

SAC Gets The Sack

To Americans who remember crouching under their desk during grade-school air-raid drills, the Strategic Air Command—which kept nuke-carrying bombers airborne round the clock—was a special icon of the cold-war mythology. But last week Air Force Secretary Donald Rice announced that SAC will be eliminated under a sweeping reorganization of the service. Its nuclear missiles and bombers will join the Tactical Air Command's conventional aircraft to form a single Air

Combat Command. "Desert Storm demonstrated that the line between strategic and tactical air power has become blurred," says a report released by Rice's office. "The organization needs to catch up."

There are other reasons for the change. One is money; by 1997, the Air Force will have about one-third less fighter wings, missiles and bombers than it has now. Rice is also cutting 700 Pentagon jobs. Finally, with the decline of the Soviet threat, new weapons like the B-2 Stealth bomber will have to be sold—if they are—with the argument that they give the U.S. an edge in conventional as well as strategic warfare.



Headed for the scrap heap? A B-52 bomber

became law because he refused to declare the budget emergency that was necessary for the measure to take effect.

The House passed its latest bill by a veto-proof vote of 283 to 125; the Senate is expected to pass the legislation by a similar margin. Both versions eliminate

the need for the President to declare a budget emergency. Its enactment cannot come too soon for the 332,000 workers whose benefits ended in July (the last month for which figures are available), which is the largest monthly total in at least 40 years.

EAST-WEST

Red Meets Crimson

Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government played host to an unusual crop of students last week. Twenty-eight senior Soviet military officers—generals, admirals and colonels—assembled for a two-week crash course on the relationship between the armed forces and the civilian government in the U.S. "Democracy is not an easy form of government for military profession-



School days: Soviet officers at Harvard

als," said General Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "We subordinate ourselves totally to the

will of the people and their elected representatives."

The failed Soviet coup nearly dismantled the conference,

The invitation was accepted last March by Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov, who became one of the coup organizers. Yazov was subsequently yanked from power, but the military men still made the trip. During their classes younger members of the group tended to accept the American explanation of recent world events. Older ones stuck with harder ideological positions. Such differences did not prevent the entire group from jumping up to do the "wave" at a Red Sox baseball game in their final week.



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YUGOSLAVIA

The Flash of War

A hotbed of nationalism that sparked World War I, the Balkans ignite a new European crisis as Serbs and Croatians open full-scale civil war

By JAMES WALSH

Not long ago, the reputation of the Balkans as the tinderbox of Europe seemed to have faded. Now the region is once again in flames, igniting fears of a broader conflagration. For years, Yugoslavia was the acceptable face of communism: estranged from Moscow, a pioneer of peaceful coexistence with the West, a country whose rugged Adriatic coastline attracted tens of thousands of vacationers. But last week that idyllic image was irreparably shattered. After three months of ethnic skirmishing, hapless Yugoslavia erupted in the first full-scale war in Europe since 1945. The fighting between federal forces and breakaway Croatia gave Europe and the world beyond a stark reminder of the region's capacity for violence.

The Serb-dominated Yugoslav military threw itself into the conflict with a will. Federal gunboats boomed off the Croatian coast as warplanes and artillery opened fire on targets across the secessionist republic. A massive column of federal battle tanks, armored personnel carriers and 155-mm howitzers set out from Belgrade to assault Croatia's eastern wing, which borders on Serbia. In another action, two columns of federal reservists marched into Bosnia-Herzegovina, shattering the tense calm of that buffer state with its explosive mixture of Serbs, Croatians and Slavic Muslims. When an oil refinery blew up under attack in Osijek, Croatia's key city in the east, it became clear that a region long dormant had loosed a volcano of passions.

For the first time, the conflict was brought home to Zagreb, Croatia's capital,

which howled with air-raid sirens and rattled with sniper fire. For the first time, too, the emergency came truly home to Western Europe. After the fourth attempt by the 12-nation European Community to arrange a cease-fire fell apart almost instantly, the U.N. Security Council considered an attempt at peacekeeping. There may be little time to waste. An old infection—Europe's original sin of tribalism—is once again raging out of control in the Balkans. Since the Continent's nationalist frenzies had drawn the U.S. into two world wars during this century, Washington sat up and took sharp notice as well.

In Yugoslavia's strife, the E.C. has been haunted by a feeling of *déjà vu*. More than a century ago, Otto von Bismarck gazed on another Balkan crisis—the collapse of the empire of Ottoman Turkey—and shrank from getting militarily involved. In the Iron Chancellor's view, Germany had no interests there that "would be worth the healthy

bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer." Though Serbian nationalism went on to ignite the First World War, the E.C. last week seemed to feel much as Bismarck had. At an emergency session in the Hague, the Community's foreign ministers rejected the idea of committing a "buffer" military force. The rejection prompted three other countries—Canada, Austria and Australia—to call on the U.N. to step in. When France and Germany joined the appeal, it seemed Europe was about to shirk a responsibility—one that, in the end, might devolve on American leadership.

Yugoslavia today is not the Balkans of 1914: no great powers are struggling for advantage in the peninsula. If powerful Serbia were allowed to walk over Croatia, however, it might encourage aggression elsewhere in Eastern Europe. The Yugoslav army insisted that it wanted only to relieve its posts under siege in Croatia, but the firepower it deployed—and its





RON HARTY—SABA FOR TIME

marches into Bosnia—looked more like Serbian expansion. While Bosnia was frantically mustering a defense force of its own, two frontline Croatian towns, Vukovar and Vinkovci, came under heavy fire as tanks advanced on Zagreb.

The extraordinary nature of Yugoslavia's crisis became clear when Stipe Mesic, the country's nominal President and a Croatian, urged federal soldiers to desert and "join the people." According to Belgrade news reports, moreover, federal Prime Minister Ante Markovic tried and failed to force the resignation of Defense Minister Veljko Kadijevic on grounds that the Yugoslav People's Army, in waging open war on Croatia, had proved to be "neither Yugoslav nor of the people."

Slobodan Milosevic, Serbia's crypto-communist president, has steadily usurped federal authority in championing the resistance of Serbs in Croatia. As Croatsians see it, his goal is to swallow up Serb-inhabited

territory in the separatist republic. Milosevic might have met his match, though, in Franjo Tudjman, Croatia's fervently nationalist president. After the assault began, Tudjman offered to restore food and utilities to surrounded federal barracks in Croatia, but Kadijevic rejected the offer as inadequate and "cynical." Dressed in combat fatigues, Tudjman vowed to "fight and defend our homeland," and added angrily, "I think it is time for Europe to wake up."

Was Europe sleepwalking? In many ways, yes, according to a number of critics. Western Europe did not want to ignore lessons of the past. If it cannot help restore order in Yugoslavia, it fears that reawakened ethnic rivalries may catch fire throughout the decommunized East. But in this, the first security challenge it has ventured to handle alone, the Community had to wonder finally if it was equal to the task. And strains over how to act in the East were sharpening old jealousies in the

Tracers and rockets light Osijek's night sky

West, threatening the E.C.'s cohesion.

While Germany has argued for a more decisive approach—despite its own purported constitutional ban on deploying troops beyond NATO's boundaries—Britain and the Netherlands viewed Bonn's rhetoric as grandstanding, a ploy to extend German influence in Eastern Europe. The French, meanwhile, seemed "torn between their desires and what makes sense," as a senior Italian diplomat put it. François Mitterrand dearly wants a distinct West European "defense identity," but the French President has a Bismarckian distaste for the Balkans. "These countries," he fairly snorted two weeks ago, "have been at the origin of several great wars into which we were then dragged."

Jacques Delors, the E.C. commission

Federal troops surrendering in Croatia



AP/WIDE WORLD

Chico Mender
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Rhonda Williamson
VIDALIA, GEORGIA

Howard Weber
Jessica Weber
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Sonia Schofield
COATSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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Living examples c

arabo:
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*William Hines
Michael Hines*
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Raymond Green
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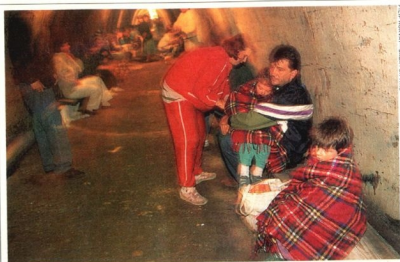
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Explosive precedent: sheltering during a Zagreb air-raid alert

President, lamented that "the E.C. is a little like a child confronted with an adult crisis." At the same time, Lord Carrington, chairman of the E.C.-sponsored Yugoslav peace conference, voiced the widespread conviction that little more than jawboning could work. After last week's cease-fire began to unravel, the former British Foreign Secretary noted wearily, "In the end, the only thing that stops violence is when the people involved want to stop it."

Serbs and Croats plainly were not in the mood to stop it. At the meeting Carrington conducted in Igalo, a seaside resort in the small Yugoslav republic of Montenegro, Milosevic and Tudjman glared at each other fiercely and refused to exchange a word. The agreement they signed never had a chance. When he returned to Zagreb, Tudjman fired his defense minister, Luka Bebić, for carrying out the cease-fire's terms prematurely—and the belligerents leaped at each other again.

Along with Slovenia, its sister western Yugoslav republic, Croatia on June 25 declared independence from the polyglot state cobbled together by wartime communist resistance leader Josip Broz Tito. Ancient enemies, Croats and Serbs had dangerous scores to settle. One-eighth of Croatia's 4.75 million people are Serbs, and super-Serb Milosevic offered them a cause. Serbian guerrillas have seized perhaps one-third of Croatia—mostly in the lowland east neighboring Serbia and in the boomerang-shaped republic's coastal south. The heavily Serb-officered federal military has aided and probably armed them right along, but it avoided large-scale attacks until last week.

The turning point came when Croatian militia units laid siege to Yugoslav army garrisons in the republic and cut off power, water and food supplies. Federal soldiers inside responded with artillery, shelling civilian neighborhoods around their bases at random. Yugoslav MiG-21 fighter-bombers streaked over Croatia, and gunboats



threw up a blockade of the republic's long coastline, pressing in with bombardments of major Adriatic ports, from the medieval stonewalls of old Dubrovnik north to Split, Sibenik and Rijeka.

Western officials did not exempt Tudjman from fault. Said a U.S. diplomat: "The Croatian government is far from blameless or democratic, and it has severely discriminated against Serbs living in Croatia." But Milosevic's aims are expansionist, and success on his part threatens to undo everything the E.C. stands for.

Mitterrand, on an official visit to Germany, argued that Yugoslavia must not be allowed to "poison European cohesion." But beyond whatever precedent it was setting for the fragmenting Soviet Union and other parts of Eastern Europe, the crisis was already seeping venom into the West. The main rubs: How could the E.C. enforce a peace, and what kind of peace did it want? With French support, German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher undertook to jump-start a rusting security mechanism, the Western European Union. Consisting of nine of the 12 E.C. members—Denmark, Ireland and Greece do not belong—the WEU was garaged soon after it was created 43 years ago, when U.S.-led NATO assumed its functions. But France sees it as a vehicle for an auton-

omous West European security role, and Genscher had hoped it would sponsor a peacekeeping force.

Policing a cease-fire, however, depended on gaining a cease-fire, chances for which were going up in smoke. Ultimately the WEU was asked to "study" how to improve protection of the 200 unarmed E.C. civilian monitors already in Yugoslavia. The union is in a poor position to do more: it has no military command structure or troops at its disposal. Any West European force that might intervene would surely consist of British and French troops in the main, supported by NATO logistics.

Washington still insisted late last week that it was sticking by the E.C.'s leadership in exploring peace options. But Britain remained opposed to sending peacekeepers without a peace to keep. Unless all of Yugoslavia's factions invite such a force, said British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd, an "open-ended commitment" is doomed. Hurd argued for economic sanctions, perhaps an oil embargo.

Would the U.N. commit troops instead, then? Though France would welcome such a move, it was not optimistic. An outside chance was that the U.N. would act by choosing to see Croatia as a discrete nation being invaded. Yet Germany threatened to recognize Croatia and Slovenia; a threat Bonn dropped two weeks ago has been the biggest sticking point in Europe's handling of the crisis. Among other things, Britain fears emboldening other ethnic separatists such as restive Slovaks, Czechoslovaks and Basques in Spain.

Dutch Foreign Minister Hans van den Broek, the E.C. President, condemned the idea outright last week. In acid remark clearly aimed at Genscher, Van den Broek said, "It is easy from behind a desk to recognize Slovenia and Croatia and leave the rest of the work aside." According to Dutch officials, moreover, their government moved to call the WEU meeting or to force gun-shy Bonn "to put up or shut up" on the proposal to commit troops. About Genscher, a British diplomat cracked, "In his pursuit of the Nobel Prize, he has been grossly irresponsible. Britain and France expect that 30,000 40,000 troops would be required to kill Yugoslavia's combatants apart."

Yet hopes for anything short of intervention were not good. Susan Woodwa, a fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution, criticized the E.C. for waiting too long. The storm has been gathering months, she notes, but only when fight broke out in June did the Community tempt to set up a peace conference. Mitterrand said in Germany last week he did "see it as the end of human progress if we constitute the Europe of tribes." "I would tribal Europe, starting in the Balkans, overtake and drown the tolerant rope of ideas?"

—Report
James L. Graft/Zagreb, William Mader/London and Frederick Ungeheuer/Paris

SOVIET UNION

Paranoia Run Amuck

Georgia's president sees conspiracies everywhere, but he is largely to blame for the restiveness

By JILL SMOLOWE

To hear Georgian president Zviad Gamsakhurdia tell it, conspiracies seethe around him. At the national level, Mikhail Gorbachev is scheming to "create a civil war" in the southern republic with the help of "40,000 KGB agents," while fellow Georgian Eduard Shevardnadze, the former Soviet Foreign Minister, is a "provocateur." At the state level, Tengiz Sigua, the Georgian prime minister until six weeks ago, is "a liar and a criminal" who, Gamsakhurdia says, "is making a coup against me." At the grass-roots level, the thousands who now take to the streets daily demanding Gamsakhurdia's resignation are all "plotters" and "criminals." Even Washington is colluding with Moscow, hatching a "kind of Molotov-Ribbentrop agreement" to deny Georgian independence.

With each new charge, Gamsakhurdia sounds increasingly paranoid. True, he legitimately has much to fear. Many of the very same Georgians who elected Gamsak-

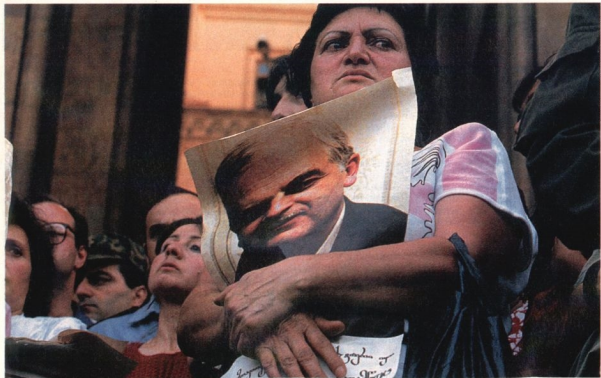
hurdia president of their republic just last May are now demanding his ouster. The republic's prime minister and foreign minister have quit the president's cabinet, accusing him of dictatorial practices that block democratic and market reform. And tensions in South Ossetia and Adzhar, two Georgian regions where ethnic populations are demanding autonomy, threaten Gamsakhurdia's vision of a unified, independent state. Just one month after the entire Soviet Union rocked with revolution, Gamsakhurdia, 52, has a homegrown revolution brewing. But the main culprit in all this is not antidemocratic conspirators—it is Gamsakhurdia.

Given the ethnic and political hostilities that have long festered in many republics beneath a veil of repression, it was inevitable that the breakup of the Soviet Union would quickly unleash unsavory nationalistic forces. Of the many republic presidents now grappling with restive populations, Gamsakhurdia has been among the quickest to resort to authoritarian tactics. On Sept. 2 his interior-ministry troops fired on

anti-Gamsakhurdia protesters. The next week Gamsakhurdia jammed all Soviet and Russian broadcasts to the republic. Last week, as some 30 opposition groups brought more than 20,000 people into the streets, police arrested three opposition leaders after their Moscow-bound plane was ordered to return to the capital city of Tbilisi. Angry Georgians responded by occupying the state's radio and television center, cutting off Gamsakhurdia as he broadcast a presidential address.

It is hard to believe that Gamsakhurdia could have dug such a hole for himself in a mere four months. When he engineered Georgia's declaration of independence while serving as chairman of the Georgian supreme soviet last April, he was hailed as a patriot. In May, when he took 87% of the vote, becoming the republic's first democratically elected president, he was regarded as a modern-day St. George who had defeated the dragon of Soviet imperialism. Given Gamsakhurdia's reputation as a distinguished literary scholar and his activism on behalf of human rights, comparisons with Czechoslovakia's President Vaclav Havel did not seem too much of a stretch.

These days the comparisons are far less flattering. At rallies, protesters chant "Ceausescu, Ceausescu!" Gamsakhurdia apparently takes seriously the reference to Romania's toppled, and summarily executed, dictator. For the past three weeks he has barricaded himself inside the Georgian



At a progovernment rally outside the parliament building in Tbilisi, a loyalist demonstrates her support for the embattled president

parliament, where he is guarded by hundreds of National Guardsmen. When he ventures out, it is in one of two bulletproof Mercedes, for which Gamsakhurdia spent \$460,000. But he bristles at being compared with the Romanian. "These people do not know what a dictator really is," he fumes, his dark eyes smoldering. "Could you really imagine such actions and demonstrations if I was a dictator?"

Maybe not, but Gamsakhurdia is doing a mighty credible imitation. He has closed opposition newspapers, capriciously fired government officials and seized control of most ministries. To quiet the republic's balking minorities—Armenians, Abkhazians and Kurds, as well as the increasingly

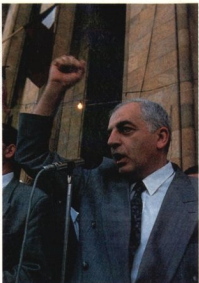
Then there is the matter of Gamsakhurdia's behavior during the tense days surrounding the Aug. 19 coup attempt. On Aug. 20 Interfax, an independent Soviet news service, reported that Gamsakhurdia had agreed to comply with Emergency Committee orders to disarm the Georgian National Guard. Gamsakhurdia dismisses the charge as the work of "common liars who want to slander me." But the fact remains that soon after the coup was set in motion, he ordered the National Guard into the countryside, supposedly on a training exercise. A large portion of the 15,000-strong guard ignored the order and holed up on a mountainside. Gamsakhurdia now maintains that the order was given to pro-

church from Communist Party plunderers, a deed that earned Gamsakhurdia almost mystical standing as a church guardian. For those activities he spent a year in solitary confinement. A subsequent five-year sentence was reduced to three after he told a court, "I sincerely regret what I have done and condemn the crime I have committed." Gamsakhurdia claims that he recanted only his efforts to distribute anti-Soviet propaganda, not his nationalist activities.

Now Gamsakhurdia seems inclined to recant some of his more recent activities. Late last week he suggested that the government bears some "guilt" for the current crisis and offered to open a dialogue with opposition leaders. His foreign ministry has hired



In the capital, former prime minister Sigua calls for Gamsakhurdia's resignation



The president rails against his opponents

restless Ossetians and Adzhars—he has suggested that qualification for Georgian citizenship should be based on family lines that trace back to 1801, the year Georgia became part of czarist Russia. He has even stated that mixed marriages threaten the purity of the Georgian race.

Detractors also charge that Gamsakhurdia is running Georgia's economy into the ground. "Five months have been wasted since independence was declared," says opposition leader Irakli Shenghelia. "By now, Georgia should have proved itself ready for investments, for international ties, for peace and order." Instead the republic's economy is stuck on the same old treadmill: too many fruits and minerals but not enough export-oriented industry. Georgia still relies on imported grain, meat, sugar and dairy products to feed itself. Supplies have become so short that earlier this month Gamsakhurdia forbade the export of vegetables, meat and building materials. Charges former prime minister Sigua: "Gamsakhurdia has already destroyed the few sprouts of a free market economy that were beginning to show."

tect the guards from an impending attack by the Soviet "occupational" army, but the deserters have yet to return.

Though the opposition ranks keep growing, it is impossible to gauge with any certainty the extent of the discontent. Some polls claim Gamsakhurdia's popularity has dwindled to just 20%. His followers counter that support for the president still runs as high as 80%. That sounds wildly optimistic, but there is no denying that the beleaguered president has his ardent advocates. The throngs that gather daily outside Gamsakhurdia's parliamentary refuge, packed mostly with women, drape banners that read DEAR ZVIAD, WE ARE WITH YOU.

Certainly there is much in Gamsakhurdia's past to admire. The son of one of the republic's most venerated novelists, Gamsakhurdia refused to join the Communist Party. First arrested at 17 for "illegal patriotic activity," he helped found, in 1976, Georgia's Helsinki monitoring group to defend Georgian language, cultural monuments and prisoners' rights. The group also guarded the treasures of the Georgian Orthodox

John Adams & Associates, a high-profile consulting firm in Washington, to burnish Gamsakhurdia's image and put his case for Georgian independence before the Bush Administration. Given that the U.S. was the 37th country to recognize the independence of the Baltics, it seems improbable that President Bush will lead the charge to legitimize Georgia's self-proclaimed status.

No less important, Gamsakhurdia must sell himself anew to the Georgian people. That may not be easy. Two days after inviting a dialogue with the opposition, police again clashed with demonstrators. At least two people were injured. Gamsakhurdia insists he will not quit his post. "How can I resign when only a handful of people are demanding this?" he asks. "If all my voters demand that I resign, then I will resign, but only then." His opponents think otherwise. "He is in agony now," says Sigua. "He has made many ideological and political mistakes, and he may be beginning to realize this." Sigua's prognosis? "We believe Gamsakhurdia will flee."

—Reported by Kevin Fedarko/
Washington and Ann M. Simmons/Tbilisi

WORLD NOTES

SWEDEN

Goodbye to All That

For the Social Democrats, architects of Sweden's cradle-to-grave welfare system, it was the worst trouncing at the polls since 1928. All told, they won only 138 seats in the 349-member Riksdag, or Parliament, and just 38% of the popular vote. Behind their defeat was widespread discontent over the high cost of social benefits. Pensions and health and other programs are generous, but the top tax rate of about 70% is the highest in the Western world.

Prime Minister Ingvar Carlsson resigned immediately and is likely to be succeeded by Moderate Party leader Carl Bildt, 42, who hopes to form a government soon. That will not be easy. By failing to deliver an absolute majority to Bildt's co-



Moderate leader Bildt: struggling to form a nonsocialist government

alition, voters ensured that their country's vaunted politics of cooperation would be sorely tested. Bildt will need at least the tacit support of the new right-wing protest party, New Democracy, which won 25 seats by advocating curbs on immigration and cuts in foreign aid—

policies that are anathema to the rest of the nonsocialist bloc and to the socialists as well. Even then, he will face the daunting task of cutting taxes and government spending while not obliging his countrymen to give up too many of their customary benefits too soon. ■

NICARAGUA

Thunder on The Right

The decade-long civil war between the U.S.-backed *contra* rebels and the Sandinistas is supposed to be over. It has been 18 months since a coalition led by President Violeta Barrios de Chamorro ousted the Sandinista National Liberation Front in free elections, and 14 months since about 27,500

contras voluntarily surrendered their weapons. But harassment by the army and police, which remain under Sandinista control, has driven about 1,000 so-called *recontras* to rearm, threatening a recrudescence of the war.

There have been 52 killings of demobilized rebels since July 1990. In retaliation, the *recontras* have attacked cooperative farms established by the Sandinistas. The former rebels are also angry about Chamorro's coddling of the Sandinistas, who refuse to return the houses and land they expropriated and then divided among themselves before they left office.

This month, Chamorro vetoed legislation intended to roll back the giveaway, prompting her own coalition to accuse her of betraying voters. The U.S. has volunteered to pay to recover weapons from Sandinista and *ex-contras* civilians, a policy Managua does not favor because it fears former Sandinistas will pocket the cash and get other guns, possibly from the army. ■

MALAYSIA

Lock Up The Victims

By global standards, Malaysia has not been greatly affected by the scourge of AIDS. Only 27 of its 18 million people have died of the disease since 1986, and fewer than 1,400 are known to be infected with the virus. But according to Health Minister Lee Kim Sai, the number of AIDS cases has more than doubled since last December and Kuala Lumpur is now weighing strong measures to block the further spread of the disease.

Infected individuals, for instance, would be obliged to carry special identification cards. The press would be permitted to publish the names of patients. People convicted of bringing AIDS-afflicted prostitutes into the country would be given beatings and long prison terms. Harshness of all, the government proposes building a detention camp similar to a leper colony for those with AIDS. If that should happen, health officials believe, Malaysia would become one of the few nations in the world to try fighting the disease by detaining its victims. ■

DIPLOMACY

Is the Wolf Trapped?

The tale sounded like a John le Carré thriller, and with good reason: the main character is believed to have been the model for the novelist's Karla, the fabled communist spy master. Markus Wolf, former chief of the foreign intelligence arm of Stasi, East Germany's dreaded secret police, emerged in Vienna last week, where he had been secretly living since Aug. 30. He applied for political asylum in Austria—a request that was promptly denied. The wily spy chief, who is wanted in Germany on espionage charges, is currently free on appeal.

Wolf fled to the Soviet Union shortly before German unification last October. In the



Renegade spy master Wolf

aftermath of the failed Soviet coup, he apparently feared that the reformers now in power in Moscow would hand him over to Germany. Though Austria is expected to deny Wolf's appeal, it cannot deport him to his homeland; international law protects him against extradition for political crimes. So where will he go? The Soviet Union, which has already antagonized Germany by harboring former East German leader Erich Honecker, is unlikely to want him back. Wolf says his own choice would be Germany. But coming in from the cold and staying free might be an objective out of reach even for Karla. ■



Recontras: a new threat of war

1983 "From the road to the roof it's laced with intriguing tidbits and thoughtful touches." *C*

1984 "The new front-drive Camry 4-door sedan offers comfort, quality, and interior spa

1985 "Most trouble-free new car in America." **J.D. Power and Associates*

1986 "Best Buy" *Consumers Digest*

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1988 "The Camry is everything a family car should be." *Car and Driver*

1989 "Family Car of the Year." *Family Circle Magazine*

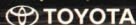
1990 "Most trouble-free compact car in America three years in a row." **J.*

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...in generous portions." *Motor Trend*

...the needs of all car buyers everywhere, the Camry would be the logical choice." *Motor Trend*

...J.D. Power and Associates

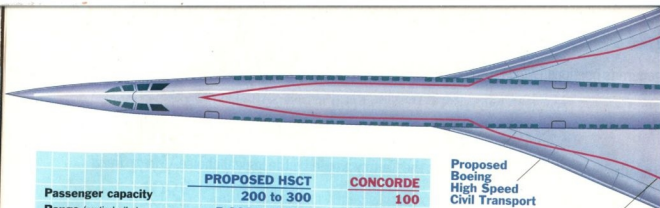
...J.D. Power and Associates

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Concorde

Proposed
Boeing
High Speed
Civil Transport

	PROPOSED HSCT	CONCORDE
Passenger capacity	200 to 300	100
Range (nautical miles)	5,000 to 6,000	3,500
Speed	Mach 2.5 to 3	Mach 2
Revenue required (per passenger mile)	\$.10	\$.87
Size of fleet	1,000 to 2,000	16
Fuselage length	311 ft.	231 ft.
Total gross weight	735,000 lbs.	410,000 lbs.

Business

AEROSPACE

Supersonic Boom

The Concorde was a financial dud, but planemakers around the world are racing to design the next generation. Has its time finally come?

By JEROME CRAMER PARIS

Even after 22 years in service, the Concorde still seems like a vehicle from the future. It can fly from New York City to London in just three hours, for which passengers pay an astronomical \$4,167 each way. Yet for all its speed and prestige, the Concorde has always been a money loser for its operators, Air France and British Airways. The SST guzzles too much fuel, carries too small a passenger load and makes so much noise that 30 countries have restricted its use.

So why are aerospace engineers around the world scrambling to build the next generation of this billion-dollar white elephant? In a word: Asia. The booming market for transpacific flights is expected to help create a lucrative new market for a plane that can shrink long distances. By the end of the decade, transpacific travel is expected to reach 315,000 passengers a day, or 15% more than will cross the Atlantic daily. A plane flying at Mach 2.5 (2½ times the speed of sound, or 1,800 m.p.h.) could more than halve the duration of a Los Angeles-Tokyo flight to just 4½ hours.

The race to build what has been dubbed the High Speed Civil Transport (HSCT) is a multibillion-dollar gamble fraught with technological challenges. To be profitable, the plane will have to carry more than twice as many passengers as the Concorde, operate at higher speeds, span greater distances, use less fuel, run quieter and produce far less pollution. Can do, say the plane's advocates, though any such plane isn't likely to fly until at least the year 2005.

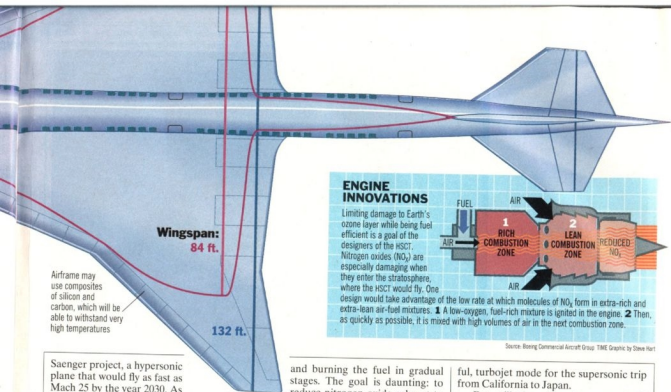
The payoff could be enormous. The nation or group that successfully develops the HSCT is likely to dominate the aircraft market well into the 21st century.

The job is too big for any one company. Aerospace firms are forming joint ventures and seeking government subsidies to foot the research bill. NASA is spending \$284 million over five years to develop technologies that U.S. companies can apply to their work on the HSCT. Rival U.S. aircraft builders Boeing and McDonnell Douglas have teamed up to design an airframe, as have British Aerospace and France's Aerospaciale, the same partnership that built the Concorde. American jet-engine build-

er Pratt & Whitney is working closely with its nemesis, General Electric, to build a power plant that is quieter, more economical and clean burning. France's Snecma and Britain's Rolls-Royce have launched a similar joint project. Gulfstream, which makes business jets, is working with British and Russian designers to build a 19-passenger supersonic business jet. "Our clients will pay almost anything to go faster," says company CEO Allen Paulson.

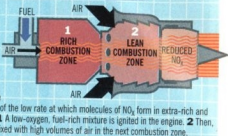
Like shrewd roulette players, the Japanese are spreading their money around, spending millions on overseas research projects. Since the country lacks the experience to build an HSCT on its own, the Japanese are investing "just enough in both European and American projects so they can jump in with the winner and become partners," says John Swihart, a U.S. aerospace consultant.

British Aerospace has a team of 50 engineers working closely with France's Aerospaciale on a "son of Concorde" that will carry 250 to 300 passengers at Mach 2 as far as 5,500 miles. The Germans, for their part, have an even loftier plan. Deutsche Aerospace has been developing the



ENGINE INNOVATIONS

Limiting damage to Earth's ozone layer while being fuel efficient is a goal of the designers of the HSCT. Nitrogen oxides (NO_x) are especially damaging when they enter the stratosphere, where the HSCT would fly. One design would take advantage of the low rate at which molecules of NO_x form in extra-rich and extra-lean air-fuel mixtures. **1** A low-oxygen, fuel-rich mixture is ignited in the engine. **2** Then, as quickly as possible, it is mixed with high volumes of air in the next combustion zone.



Source: Boeing Commercial Aircraft Group. TIME Graphic by Steve Hart

Saenger project, a hypersonic plane that would fly as fast as Mach 25 by the year 2030. As a first step, the company is experimenting with a version that would fly at Mach 5-6, launch a satellite into orbit and then glide back to earth. "The Germans have spent several hundred millions of dollars developing Saenger, and it could give them a head start with the HSCT," says Jerry Grey, a director of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

American plane builders have been down this runway before—and got burned. In 1971 Lockheed dropped its plans for an SST. Later that year Boeing too killed its project, after Congress scrapped subsidies because of concern about noise, pollution and cost. The \$4 billion Concorde project went ahead, but only 16 planes were built, and aviation experts believe the original investment has never been recouped. Many aerospace executives now believe the supersonic transport's time will finally come, but its success will depend on the scientific ingenuity brought to bear on a host of technical problems.

Probably the biggest concern is environmental. To save fuel, the plane will have to cruise in the thin atmosphere at about 60,000 ft., close to the ozone layer, which protects the earth from ultraviolet rays. But jet engines produce nitrogen-oxide emissions, which at that altitude could potentially destroy more ozone than chlorinated fluorocarbons did before they were banned in 1978. Engineers at Pratt & Whitney and General Electric are working on several concepts to reduce such emissions by heating

and burning the fuel in gradual stages. The goal is daunting: to reduce nitrogen-oxide exhaust to as little as 10% of the volume emitted by conventional airliners.

To achieve high speed and long ranges, the HSCT will require an airframe that is proportionately 30% lighter than the Concorde's. The answer lies in modern composites of silicon and carbon, which will be able to withstand aircraft-skin temperatures that reach 600°F or more at Mach 3.

Noise reduction may be the biggest political problem for the plane to overcome. By tinkering with the plane's silhouette, engineers believe they can reduce the impact of its sonic boom, though probably never enough to allow supersonic flight over populated areas. To reduce noise during takeoffs and subsonic travel, designers hope to build a combination engine that can operate in a quiet, turbofan mode on flights from, say, Chicago to Los Angeles but then kick in to a more power-

ful, turbojet mode for the supersonic trip from California to Japan.

But will the plane be economical? Boeing officials believe the HSCT needs to break even with no more than a 10% to 15% surcharge over regular ticket prices. "I'm not interested in building a plane that only rich people can fly," says Boeing senior vice president Benjamin Cosgrove. The Concorde's ticket prices, which barely cover its fuel costs, run about four times as high as conventional fares. Aircraft manufacturers predict that the HSCT will be economically feasible to build and operate only if the fleet is large, from 1,000 to 2,000 planes. This means that two or perhaps three competing designs for the HSCT may eventually emerge.

Engineers hope that full-scale production of an HSCT could be under way by the end of the decade, with commercial operation a few years later. One obstacle might be a decision on the part of Boeing and Europe's Airbus to build huge new supersonic aircraft that could carry 600 to 800 passengers. If manufacturers switch their attention to the new subsonic craft, the drain on resources could delay the HSCT until 2015. But as business and tourism grow ever more global, the lure of a high-speed aircraft increases. "I never thought a supersonic civilian aircraft was needed," says Thomas Donahue, general manager for advanced technology at General Electric. "But I just got back from doing business in Australia, which means a 14-hour flight. Believe me, now the prospect of such a plane seems very real." —With reporting by Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles



A rendering of Germany's multipurpose Saenger spaceplane



Smelling profits: image makers Estée Lauder, Calvin Klein and Elizabeth Arden wage a TV-and-print battle to turn scents into dollars

FRAGRANCES

The War of the Noses

In an aromatic onslaught, cosmetics giants launch three new perfumes with a decidedly '90s theme: romance

By MARTHA DUFFY

Tropical beach, blazing sun, men in white suits, winsome native children. A horse gallops along the shore as a light plane lazies overhead. A beautiful woman sits in a convertible, adored from afar, drenched in diamonds, caressed by a soft-focus camera. The plane lands, several dapper gents step out and launch a poker game. As the stakes escalate, the sexiest of them frets, "I'm a little short." The woman takes charge. "Not so fast," she says, removing a huge sparkler and tossing it onto the table. "These have always brought me luck," she purrs.

The star of this semi-surreal video is Elizabeth Taylor, which is fortunate, since a lot is riding on the spot, dubbed "White Diamonds: The Movie." Cosmetics giant Elizabeth Arden is gambling on Taylor's beauty, celebrity and legendary appetite for diamonds to launch its new perfume in the face of tough odds. Times are shaky in the \$18.5 billion U.S. cosmetics and toiletries industry, yet no fewer than three giants are launching new fragrances this season, reportedly spending as much as \$25 million each on advertising alone.

With the floral White Diamonds competing against Estée Lauder's spicy SpellBound and Calvin Klein's fruity Escape, there will be no escaping the coming onslaught on the American nose. More than 70 million fragrance strips have been bound into magazines, and in department stores spray-happy models are out in force. This month's *Elle* arrived for 14,000 upscale subscribers looking like a bulbous videocassette—which in fact it was. Lauder had pouched its TV promo for SpellBound in a sort of marsupial setup.

This marketing mania is based on necessity. Department stores have traditionally been the point of sale for high-quality perfumes, but, as Lauder CEO Robin Burns observes, "the stores are in turmoil. You don't see so many consumers with shopping bags." Like many luxury goods, cosmetics have faltered in this recession. The aggressive, gotta-have-it-all mind-set of the 1980s has evaporated.

Swept out of favor is the sexy image of '80s best sellers like Yves Saint Laurent's Opium and Klein's Obsession. The cry now is for romance. Lauder's ads for SpellBound simply show two people looking into each other's eyes. In a *Vogue* inter-

view, Klein rhapsodized about days with his wife Kelly that have no edge and precious few events.

Arden has the least anxiety about attracting customers because Taylor has just embarked on a national tour. "Bringing Elizabeth Taylor into a store is more than anyone else has to offer during a recession," says Arden vice president Clare Cain. The actress proved her merchandising powers with her first signature scent, Passion. Why does Liz's succeed while other celebrities' fragrances have failed? Arden CEO Joseph Ronchetti explains, "Liz Taylor is an individual that a lot of people will relate to. We've all known people with drinking problems, we've all had weight problems, and she's coped so beautifully." He adds, "And she is really an outstanding beauty." For those who grew up on *National Velvet*, that may be the most important factor of all.

The race is on and will heat up as the holiday buying season approaches. The early advantage seems to go to Escape. "It's a killer," says Allen Burke of Dayton Hudson stores. "A runaway hit." But the three giants are most concerned with long-term sales and permanent market niches. That takes a big budget and intelligent strategy, which is more than what's behind many minor scents, including most celebrity and designer fragrances.

The vessel that holds the fragrance obsesses designers. In the '20s, Coco Chanel cut hers from crystal in a severe, geometric shape, setting the standard for power bot-

ties. At the time it spelled freedom and modernity to women, and it is still immediately identifiable. Now companies look for a mixture of old-fashioned quality and contemporary flair. Klein's pristine tube for Escape began in his mind as an afterthought in an English travel case. Arden headed down to the rhinestone mines. For SpellBound, Lauder added a detachable atomizer, achieving a sort of nostalgic novelty. "Success is like a one-armed bandit," observes Pierre Dinand, a French designer who has created more than 300 perfume bottles, including those for SpellBound and Escape. "To succeed, you need to have a row of cherries. If you have four cherries and one banana, it's a flop."

Each of the new elixirs sells for about

\$200 an ounce (with the lighter eau de toilette costing substantially less). The marketing truism is that perfume is an affordable luxury; the woman who can't afford a Chanel suit can buy the fragrance. But if romance is on the rise now, so is frugality. Says marketing consultant Carol Colman: "Consumers might question cutting off something for the kids in order to buy a bottle of perfume, when there are three or four on the dresser already."

But those three or four are just what the industry is counting on. One 1980s legacy that no one is rejecting is the rise in popularity of a wardrobe of scents—one for the office, another for evening, still others to match season or mood. Brand loyalty is virtually a thing of the past. In another

trend, women are using men's scents increasingly, especially Armani, Calvin Klein's Eternity, Chanel's Egoiste and Guerlain's classic Vetiver.

The perfume business today is a contest between commercial calculation and customer whim, with the marketers growing ever more sophisticated. But there are still a few wild cards in the poker game. This fall will also see the launch of Omar Sharif's signature scent for women, which will come in at \$750 an ounce. For this whopping sum the customer gets a Baccarat crystal flask and two refills a year for her life—or the perfume's. Who knows? Four cherries and a banana? Or maybe a five-cherry row.

—With reporting by

Linda Williams/New York

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Failing to Connect

A major telephone outage sparks questions about the integrity of AT&T's network and its role in air-traffic control

The first sign of trouble came at about 5 p.m. last Tuesday, when a computer display that monitors telephone traffic at AT&T's nerve center in Bedminster, N.J., flashed from blue to magenta. Within hours, millions of consumers were seeing red too.

The problem: an electric-power failure at an AT&T switching center had knocked out the company's long-distance telephone service to more than 1 million customers in the New York City area. Thousands were stranded at airports and inside planes on runways because the outage severed communications links between air-traffic controllers and airline pilots. By 10 p.m., more than 500 planes were on the ground waiting to take off at the area's six airports, causing a cascade of delays as far away as Bos-

ton, Los Angeles, Paris and Amsterdam.

The breakdown was the latest in a series of embarrassing mishaps plaguing AT&T, the premier U.S. provider of telecommunications services. Last year a software glitch at a New York City switching center disrupted AT&T's nationwide network for seven hours, and last January a repair crew in Newark shut down service to millions of consumers and businesses when workers accidentally cut a high-capacity fiber-optic phone cable. Last week's misadventure will not enhance AT&T's reputation for reliability and could persuade some customers to farm out more business to the company's rivals MCI and Sprint.

AT&T's latest nightmare started Tuesday morning when the local power company, Consolidated Edison, struggling to cope

with rising demand caused by a late-summer heat wave, asked AT&T to help out by switching over to its own power-generation equipment. AT&T is one of 141 companies in the New York area that earn lower electric rates by participating in a voluntary power-sharing arrangement. When AT&T's main transmission facility in Manhattan switched to its generator, a power surge tripped an emergency backup system powered by batteries. Alarms were triggered to alert AT&T employees that the backup system had been activated, but audio sirens malfunctioned, and visual warnings went unnoticed for more than five hours.

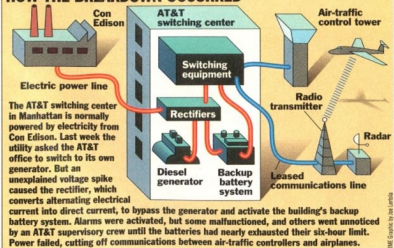
When the batteries ran out, the resulting power failure immediately shut off three huge telephone switches that route some 2 million calls an hour. The collapse disconnected the area's airports from the Federal Aviation Administration's control center on Long Island. As a result, air-traffic controllers were unable to track the location of planes, and pilots couldn't communicate with the towers, because radio transmitters were also knocked out.

The FAA contends that safety was never compromised. But the episode raises serious questions about the agency's lack of a backup system, as well as its overwhelming reliance on AT&T, which handles more than 90% of the FAA's communications traffic. The outage is expected to revive an FAA plan to spend as much as \$1 billion on a more reliable, high-tech phone system. The project had been vetoed by the General Services Administration as too costly.

Congress and regulatory authorities are gearing up investigations to look into the latest outage. The New York Public Service Commission, for one, is probing whether AT&T's participation in the power-sharing discount plan was at fault—or is appropriate, given the consequences. AT&T is launching an in-house probe. According to the union representing telephone workers, several technicians who would have responded to the alarms were absent from their posts because, ironically, they were attending a class on new alarm systems.

—By Thomas McCarroll

HOW THE BREAKDOWN OCCURRED



BUSINESS NOTES

The 10 most expensive states to insure your car*

New Jersey	\$1,074
California	\$876
Connecticut	\$827
Rhode Island	\$821
Massachusetts	\$799
New York	\$794
Hawaii	\$719
Pennsylvania	\$710
Alaska	\$697
Maryland	

*Figures are for combined average premiums, 1987.
Source: Insurance Information Institute



INSURANCE

A Head-On Collision

Already plagued by the highest automobile insurance rates in the U.S., New Jersey drivers were stunned last week by the defection of their No. 1 insurance company. In the largest withdrawal of an insurer from a state market, Allstate said it was dropping out of the property-and-casualty business in New Jersey. The insurer argued that excessive regulation had held down premiums despite the rising cost of paying claims. As a result, Allstate said, it lost \$72 million on New Jersey auto policies last year.

The final crack-up came last spring when the New Jersey Supreme Court upheld a law that required insurers to give coverage to high-risk drivers. Allstate must now find companies to provide auto insurance and other types of policies for its nearly 500,000 New Jersey customers; that could take as long as five years.

The pullout may hasten a trend in which dozens of insurers have left New Jersey, Massachusetts, California and other states in disputes over rates. Most notably, Allstate's move could set the stage for a major showdown in California, where regulators plan to implement Proposition 103. That measure, which mandates a 20% rollback of auto and other insurance premiums, has been bottled up by legal challenges since voters approved it in 1988.

EXECUTIVE SUITE

Unbecoming An Officer

When a Navy consultant inadvertently left a confidential report at Bath Iron Works last May, officials of the Maine defense contractor could not resist the temptation to peek. Chairman William Haggett ordered up a photocopy of the report, which reviewed the cost of a rival firm's work on the Aegis guided-missile destroyer program. But after briefly scanning the report, Haggett decided he had made "an inappropriate business-ethics decision" and

returned the document to the Navy, which launched an investigation.

Still filled with remorse, Haggett, 57, stepped aside last week as chief executive officer, a position he had held since 1983. While he will remain chairman, Haggett turned over to president Duane Fitzgerald day-to-day responsibility for the company, whose work force of 10,400 makes it the largest employer in Maine. Haggett, the son of a Bath Iron Works pipe fitter, said he relinquished control because he had failed to set a strong moral example when he copied the sensitive Navy document.



Shipbuilding at Bath

GAMES

Name That Sound Bite

Can you name the former baseball player heard on Meatloaf's song *Paradise by the Dashboard Light*? (Phil Rizzuto.) In what city is the opera *Carmen* set? (Seville, Spain.) These are typical questions in a new board game for the sound-bite generation, called *Play It by Ear*. The game is equipped with a compact disc containing 381 different sounds in 12 categories, including speeches, famous sports moments and TV trivia. The package offers nearly 1,800 questions for 24 separate games, and it's a hit. Rykodisc, which makes the \$45 game, has sold 50,000 copies in its first month on the shelves.



Play It by Ear: the first CD game



Some viewers are snarling

ENTERTAINMENT

Dances with Defects

The blockbuster *Dances with Wolves* may have swept this year's Academy Awards, but the videotape version of the three-hour epic has left some viewers and store owners snarling. To load the entire Orion Pictures film onto a single cassette, the tape's manufacturer used a thin stock that has sometimes snapped when rewound. While Orion said last week that about 5% of the initial 655,000 *Dances* tapes have proved faulty, some stores said the defect rate is closer to 15%. The problems stole a bit of luster from the tape, which has been among the top video rentals since its release last month. But cash-strapped Orion denied that it squeezed the film onto one cassette to cut costs. Orion said video shops prefer single-cassette tapes because they are easier to handle.

SCANDALS

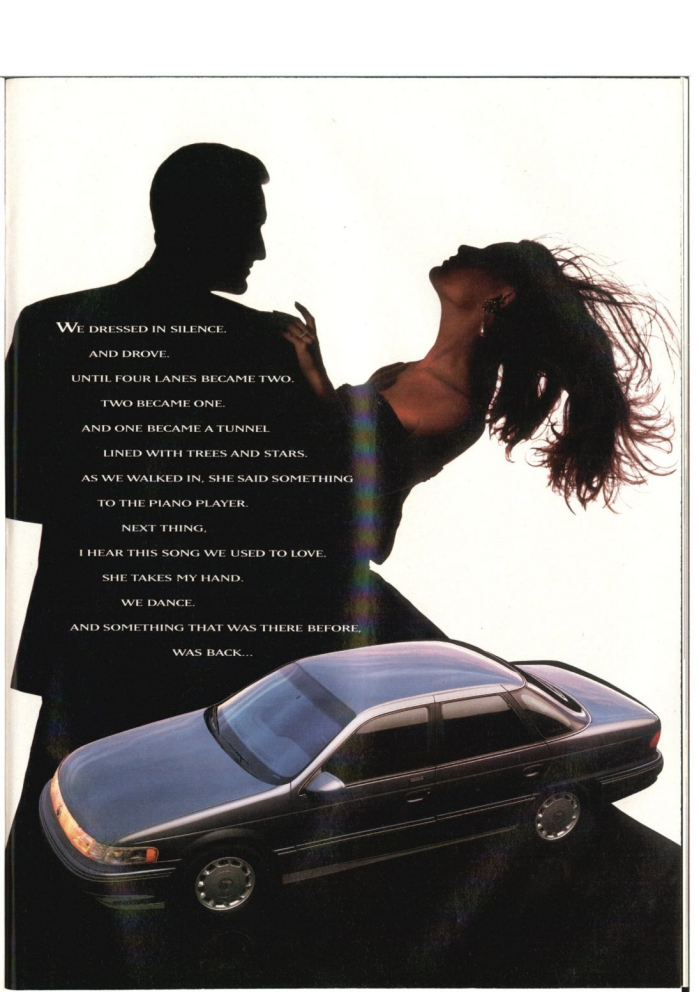
Catch Me If You Can

Where was Ghailth Pharaon? U.S. authorities hunted for the globe-trotting Saudi financier last week after the Federal Reserve Board sought to fine him \$37 million for serving as a front man for the notorious Bank of Credit & Commerce International. According to the Fed, Pharaon secretly used B.C.C.I. funds in 1985 to acquire Independence Bank of Encino, Calif., for about \$23 million. To assure collection of the fine, a federal court froze Pharaon's U.S. assets, which ranged from a controlling interest in American Southern Insurance Co. to an 1,800-acre estate near Savannah.



Pharaon

Investigators are also probing allegations that Pharaon used B.C.C.I. funds to acquire the National Bank of Georgia for \$18 million in 1978 and to invest \$25 million in Miami's CenTrust Savings, which collapsed last year. Pharaon, whom the Federal Reserve wants to bar from U.S. banking, has denied any wrongdoing. But as authorities tried to serve him with a subpoena last week, he was believed to be sailing off the coast of Greece.

A man and a woman are shown in silhouette, dancing. The man is on the left, facing right, and the woman is on the right, leaning back with her head tilted up and her hair blowing in the wind. They are positioned against a bright, light-colored background. At the bottom of the image, a dark-colored sedan is shown from a side profile, facing left. The car is dark, possibly black or dark blue, and has a sleek design. The overall mood is romantic and nostalgic.

WE DRESSED IN SILENCE.

AND DROVE.

UNTIL FOUR LANES BECAME TWO.

TWO BECAME ONE.

AND ONE BECAME A TUNNEL

LINED WITH TREES AND STARS.

AS WE WALKED IN, SHE SAID SOMETHING

TO THE PIANO PLAYER.

NEXT THING,

I HEAR THIS SONG WE USED TO LOVE.

SHE TAKES MY HAND.

WE DANCE.

AND SOMETHING THAT WAS THERE BEFORE.

WAS BACK...





THE NEW, REMARKABLY SOPHISTICATED SABLE.

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ITS INTERIOR SO THOROUGHLY REDESIGNED.

EVEN THE CONTROLS ARE EASIER TO READ AND REACH.

IT RIDES SMOOTHER. QUIETER. AND MAKES DRIVING MORE OF A PLEASURE.

THE CAR THAT STARTED IT ALL, DOES IT AGAIN. 1 800 446-8888



MERCURY SABLE

COVER STORIES

Making Babies

More than a million couples seek treatment for infertility each year. Now some remarkable insights into the mating dance of sperm and egg are bringing answers to their prayers.

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

Couched in a halo of nutrient cells, an egg smaller than the dot on an *i* drifts slowly down a Fallopian tube, one of a pair of narrow passages that lead from a woman's ovaries to her womb. Like a beacon guiding ships at night, the egg sends forth a calling signal. A convoy of sperm—the remnants of an armada that was once a couple of hundred million strong—sails into view, their long tails thrashing vigorously. Lured by the chemical signal, several hundred of the most energetic swimmers close in on the egg, their narrow tips unleashing a carefully timed sequence of biochemical salvos. One substance dissolves the jelly-like veil surrounding the egg. Another softens the egg's tough outer shell, preparing it for penetration. In the last moments before conception, a few dozen sperm race to break through the final barricade.

One and only one succeeds. The instant it tunnels its way past the egg's outer layer, an electric charge fires across the membrane and a signal from the sperm causes the eggshell to snap shut, blocking entry to any remaining contenders. The successful seed then releases its tightly coiled package of DNA, which fuses with the egg's own DNA and sets in motion a series of genetic events that culminate, nine months later, in the birth of a new human being.

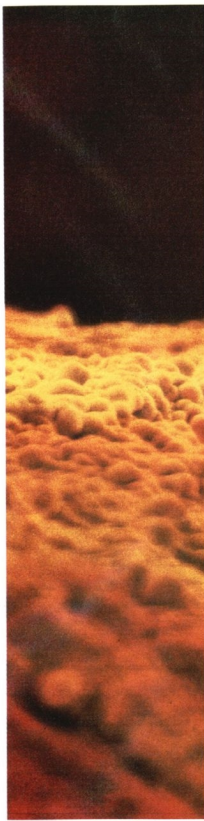
That is how it is supposed to work. And for hundreds of thousands of years, without anyone knowing quite how or why, it has worked—well enough to perpetuate the species, populate the planet and bring the joy and responsibility of chil-

dren to countless generations of parents.

But what if it doesn't work? What if egg meets sperm and nothing happens? Human sexual reproduction, as couples even before Sarah and Abraham have known, can be a heartbreakingly unreliable process. Even under the best of circumstances—a fertile couple having intercourse at the optimum moment in the woman's cycle—it fails 3 times out of 4. When conditions are less than ideal—when the woman is over 35, for example, or the man's sperm is defective or in short supply—the odds lengthen dramatically.

America today is in the midst of an infertility epidemic, the unforeseen consequence of a variety of historical and socioeconomic trends. The advent of the Pill, the women's movement and an economy that pushes women into the workplace during their most fertile years have led many members of the baby-boom generation to wait so long to have children that they are in danger of waiting forever. This same generation was also party to the sexual revolution, and that too has taken a toll. With exposure to more sex partners came a sharp rise in sexually transmitted diseases and other infections that can impair fertility. In addition, tens of thousands of women now in their 30s and 40s were born with malformed reproductive systems as a result of their mothers' use of the drug DES (diethylstilbestrol), which was widely prescribed in the 1940s and '50s to prevent miscarriage.

Taken together, more than 1 in 12 U.S. couples has difficulty conceiving—a number that is as high as 1 in 7 for couples in the thirtysomething years. And given the size of that age group, there have never been as





Moment of conception:
a sperm, its tail
thrashing, tunnels into
an egg



WHAT CAN GO WRONG

Some sperm lack the strength or the necessary enzymes to pierce the egg's tough outer shell

HOW TO FIX IT

Using a needle and a powerful microscope, the sperm cell can be injected directly into the egg

GLOSSARY

Artificial insemination: procedure in which a doctor deposits semen directly into the vagina or uterus.

In vitro (in glass) fertilization: procedure in which egg and sperm are combined in a Petri dish.

Gamete: a biologist's term for egg and sperm, the cells that carry the genetic information required for reproduction.

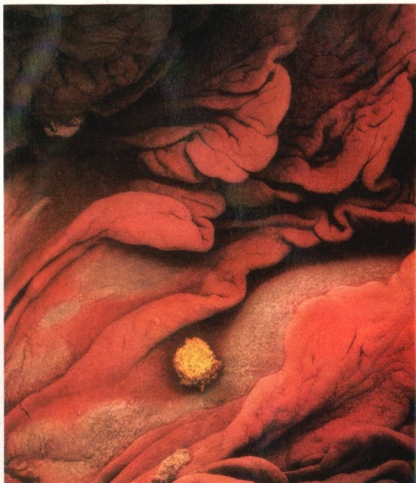
GIFT (gamete intra-Fallopian transfer): variation on in vitro procedure in which sperm and unfertilized eggs are inserted into Fallopian tube.

ZIFT (zygote intra-Fallopian transfer): variation on GIFT that combines sperm and egg in a Petri dish. Resulting pre-embryos (zygotes) are placed in Fallopian tube.

Microinjection: fertilization method using thin needle to insert single sperm through egg's outer membrane.

Zona drilling: fertilization technique that removes part of the outer layer (zona pellucida) of an unfertilized egg before mixing with sperm.

Embryo: developing baby from conception to second month of pregnancy. From then until birth, called a fetus.



many people looking for help. The number of doctor visits for fertility problems nearly tripled between 1968 and 1984. Last year more than a million new patients sought treatment, six times as many people as were treated for lung cancer and 10 times the number of reported cases of AIDS.

The sad fact is that half the people who seek assistance never overcome their infertility. But there is real hope for even the most difficult cases. Through a series of remarkable advances, scientists have opened a new window on the mysteries of fertilization that shows for the first time not only how the process works but also what can be done when it doesn't. Doctors today can manipulate virtually every aspect of the reproductive cycle, from artificially ripening eggs in the ovary to inserting individual sperm directly into the egg's inner membrane. Now researchers at several U.S. clinics are pushing the scientific envelope even further, screening embryos for genetic defects in the lab before placing them in their mothers' wombs.

The result is a reproductive revolution: an explosion of new techniques for overcoming infertility and an unprecedented

rush by would-be parents to take advantage of them. Thirteen years after the birth of the first test-tube baby, Louise Brown, in England, in vitro fertilization (IVF) has not only reset the biological clock for thousands of patients—and produced some 10,000 babies in the U.S. alone—but spawned a host of new procedures, like GIFT, ZIFT, microinjection and zona drilling, that offer even greater promise. Today, using the new technology, an infertile couple in their mid-30s has as good a chance of getting pregnant artificially as a pair of fertile teenagers having unprotected sex at any random moment the old-fashioned way.

Families can be pieced together with borrowed sperm, borrowed eggs and borrowed wombs. Women are having babies long after their prime childbearing year—even after menopause. In yet another twist, Arlette Schweitzer, 42, of Aberdeen, S. Dak., is expected to give birth to her own twin grandchildren next month, having served as a surrogate for her daughter Christa, who was born without a uterus. "Next to Christa, I'm the happiest woman in the world," says Schweitzer. "We feel so blessed."

The brave new technologies stir up conflicting feelings, breeding hope and despair where once there was resignation. The high price of in vitro treatments (ranging from \$6,000 to more than \$50,000 per live birth) means that only the rich and well-insured can afford them. Patients who have undergone round after round say it is like riding an emotional roller coaster; you never know when you are going to run into a brick wall and have your heart broken.

The new techniques have also given birth to once unimaginable ethical dilemmas. Do sperm and egg donors have a claim on their biological offspring, and vice versa? Do embryos, frozen or thawed, have a constitutional right to life? How much manipulation of genetic material will society be willing to permit? "Technology makes us look at our most cherished conceptions of who we are and what we want to be," says Dr. Kenneth Ryan, a professor of reproductive biology at Harvard Medical School. "People have to decide what kind of society they want to live in."

But all these issues pale before the newly revealed miracle of fertilization, an

An unfertilized egg drifts down a Fallopian tube



WHAT CAN GO WRONG

The passage can be blocked by scar tissue created by pelvic infections, venereal diseases or endometriosis

HOW TO FIX IT

Fallopian tubes may be surgically reopened or bypassed altogether by in vitro fertilization



A ripe egg bursts from its follicle in the ovary

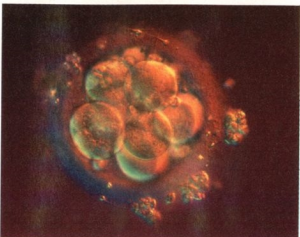


WHAT CAN GO WRONG

Some women do not ovulate; others produce eggs that cannot be fertilized

HOW TO FIX IT

With large doses of hormones, an ovary will make viable eggs by the dozen



A two-day-old, 16-cell embryo heads for the uterus



WHAT CAN GO WRONG

Its DNA may contain genes that lead to cystic fibrosis and other problems

HOW TO FIX IT

Scientists will soon be able to screen for abnormalities—and possibly correct them

event so dizzyingly complex that researchers say the more they know, the more they wonder that it works as often as it does. The actual merger of egg and sperm turns out to be one of the most straightforward steps in the process—and the easiest to duplicate in a test tube. The events that occur before and after that union, scientists say, are where the real troubles lie.

The long road to conception actually begins seven months before a woman is born, when microscopic eggs start to form in the buds that will become her ovaries. Unlike the testicles of a man, which continuously churn out sperm at the prodigious rate of 1,000 per sec. (30 billion a year), the ovaries never produce any new eggs. The eggs a woman is born with—usually about 2 million—are all she will ever have. By puberty, normal degeneration will have reduced that number to about 400,000. When the woman exhausts the supply, her ovaries will virtually shut down, an event she experiences as menopause.

The limited supply of eggs is believed to be a chief reason that fertility decreases

with age. Each month, starting at puberty, hundreds of eggs begin the maturation process. One of them, growing in a fluid-filled sac called the follicle, quickly establishes itself as the first among equals. In a normal cycle, only that single egg will be released to the Fallopian tubes for possible fertilization. About 1,000 more will wither away and disappear. So although a woman may have 400,000 eggs to start with, the number she can effectively use is closer to 400.

To make matters worse for the aging female, the eggs that remain in her ovaries get older and less fertile with each passing year. Recent studies of egg donation provide strong evidence that it is the age of the eggs, and not the age of the reproductive system, that causes fertility to decline sharply after age 40: older women who receive eggs from younger women get pregnant at rates comparable to the age of the egg donor, not the age of the recipient.

None of this is to say that men do not play a role in infertility. On the contrary, the sperm of the human male is notoriously prone to defects. A typical sample is riddled with "pinheaded" sperm, which lack a full complement of DNA, two-headed freaks,

and sperm that cannot swim a straight line. Urologists estimate that when a couple experiences infertility, so-called male factors are just as likely to be responsible as female ones. But because of the way sperm are manufactured, assembly-line fashion in the factory of the testes, not much can be done to change either their quality or rate of production (although scientists have developed some extraordinary new procedures to help deficient sperm accomplish their mission). Even the varicocele, a widely prescribed operation that enhances sperm production by removing a varicose vein in the scrotum, seems from recent studies to have little effect on a couple's ability to conceive.

The sequence of events by which eggs mature and ovulate, by contrast, lends itself to all kinds of tinkering. Every step in that process is controlled by hormones, and much of the infertility work done in the '60s and '70s involved finding which hormones were out of balance and how to adjust them. A woman whose ovaries do not release their eggs properly, for example, might be given human chorionic gonadotropin, which triggers ovulation. A woman who tends to miscarry may be given

An eight-day-old embryo attaches to the uterus wall

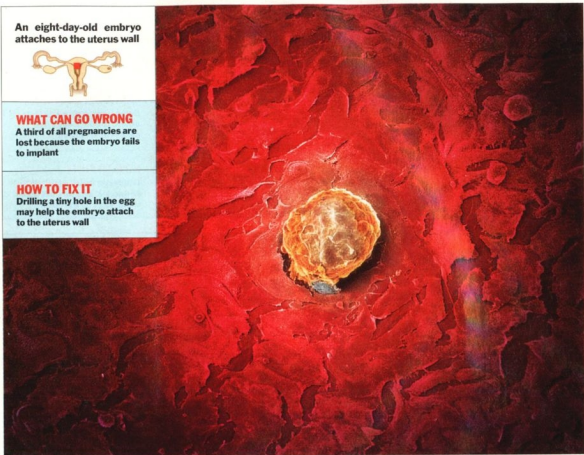


WHAT CAN GO WRONG

A third of all pregnancies are lost because the embryo fails to implant

HOW TO FIX IT

Drilling a tiny hole in the egg may help the embryo attach to the uterus wall



progesterone, which helps soften the uterine lining to make it more receptive.

A widely used drug called Pergonal (menotropin), which for years was derived from the urine of postmenopausal Italian nuns, is rich in the hormone that stimulates eggs to develop and form follicles. This follicle-stimulating hormone usually allows only one egg to reach full maturity, but when administered in huge doses it can trick the ovaries into producing more than a dozen mature eggs in a single cycle. This abundance of eggs is key to most assisted-reproduction techniques. By fertilizing large numbers of eggs and selecting the healthiest embryos, fertility specialists maximize the odds of achieving a successful pregnancy.

Hormone treatments can cover a multiple of symptoms. But there are any number of problems that don't respond to hormone therapy. A woman's Fallopian tubes may be blocked or rendered inoperative by scarring from pelvic infections, sexually transmitted diseases or bits of tissue leaking out of the uterus, a condition called endometriosis. A man may have too few sperm that can make the long journey, or his sperm may lack specific enzymes needed to clear the passage to the egg. Some

couples learn late in the game that they are incompatible at a cellular level. A woman can be allergic to her husband's sperm; her antibodies may destroy her partner's seeds before they get a chance to be sown.

There are treatments for each of these conditions. Blocked Fallopian tubes can be freed or cleared of obstructions by a variety of operations, ranging from laser-beam surgery to inflating a tiny balloon within the clogged passage. Men with extremely low sperm counts can be helped toward fatherhood by artificial insemination, which puts what sperm they have directly into the cervix, or by microinjection, which puts a single sperm right into the egg. And for couples with sperm-allergy problems, a procedure known as sperm washing strips the sperm of some of the chemical antigens that trigger the allergic reaction.

But most of these treatments have been supplanted by the family of techniques known as in vitro fertilization. The beauty and power of *ivf* are that it allows doctors to take many key events in reproduction out of the body, where they are subject to the vagaries of human biology, and perform them in vitro, "in glass." By removing mature eggs from the ovaries, mixing them

with sperm in a Petri dish and reintroducing the resulting embryos directly into the uterus, doctors can bypass most of the important barriers to fertility, from low sperm counts to nonfunctioning Fallopian tubes.

The status of *ivf* has undergone a striking transformation in the past decade. It used to be considered an option of last resort; with success rates running below 5%, most doctors put couples through the full gamut of conventional therapies before turning to *ivf*. Today a couple in their 30s with undiagnosed infertility is likely to be told to skip invasive tests and exploratory surgeries and go straight to in vitro or related technologies. Streamlined procedures and lowered costs are part of the reason. But it was the development of two variations on the basic *ivf* procedure—*GIFT* and *ZIFT*—and the impressive success rates they have produced that have made believers of most doctors.

The major sticking point of the original procedure, it turned out, was that the embryos just wouldn't stick. Helped by hormone treatments, a woman might produce dozens of eggs each cycle. Her husband's sperm

might fertilize 10 of them. But for reasons that remained mysterious, the embryos simply refused to take root—or implant—on the walls of the uterus. Even the best-run clinics were getting success rates not much higher than 15% to 20% just five years ago.

Scientists now know that implantation is one of the most difficult hurdles in the human reproductive system. It is estimated that even among perfectly fertile couples, as many as one-third of all pregnancies are lost, before anyone knows they have begun, because the embryos fail to implant in the uterus wall. Only in the past few years have researchers begun to understand why this is so.

A key breakthrough came in the mid-1980s at Dr. Ricardo Asch's laboratory at the University of Texas at San Antonio. Asch was trying to find a simpler way to do IVF, one that would not require the skills of an embryologist, when he hit upon the procedure he called gamete intra-Fallopian transfer, or GIFT. Rather than attempting fertilization in a Petri dish, he simply loaded the sperm and eggs (known to biologists as gametes) into a fine pipette and inserted them into the Fallopian tube, where he hoped they would take care of business by themselves. Not only did they fertilize, but they implanted as well—at a much higher rate than he expected.

Scientists attribute the implantation rates of GIFT to the way in which the fertilized embryo enters the uterus. In IVF the embryo is squirted, rather violently, into a reproductive tract that has been pretty roughly treated, first by various hormone treatments, then by the egg-retrieval procedure. In GIFT, by contrast, the embryo drifts quietly into the uterus, much as it would naturally. To further improve the success rates, Asch's researchers tried fertilizing the egg in a lab dish and then placing the pre-embryo, or zygote, directly into the Fallopian tube—a procedure known as ZIFT (zygote intra-Fallopian transfer).

The results were startling. Using GIFT and ZIFT, clinics were soon reporting implantation rates two to three times as high as those achieved in their own IVF facilities. Among couples for whom sperm quality is not a factor, a single cycle of GIFT or ZIFT at Asch's clinic can result in pregnancy 40% to 50% of the time. A healthy, fertile couple trying to conceive naturally in any given month has about a 25% success rate.

The latest clue in the mystery of implantation was hit upon by scientists working on a completely different problem: lazy sperm. Some sperm lack the ability to penetrate the egg's outer membrane, or zona pellucida, often as a result of old testicular injuries or early exposure to toxic

chemicals. Several methods have been devised to give these sperm a boost, including microinjection (the sperm is inserted directly into the egg by means of a microscopic needle) and partial zona drilling (a tiny hole is made in the egg's protective shell).

It was while working with patients with severe sperm deficiencies that researchers noticed something surprising. Eggs whose shells had been poked open were doing a much better job of sticking to the uterus wall. In a trial performed by Dr. Jacques Cohen, one of the scientists who developed the PZD procedure, embryos successfully lodged in the womb at a rate more than five times the national average for

from an egg's follicular sac, an interesting effect was observed. A small number of sperm seemed to change their swimming patterns in response to chemicals secreted by the egg or cells around the egg.

It was not a dramatic effect, and not all eggs emitted even this weak chemical signal. But when the researchers correlated the results, they discovered a startling pattern: only eggs that emitted the "come hither" message were successfully fertilized. "This indicated to us that attraction may indeed be a key process in fertilization," says Michael Eisenbach at Israel's Weizmann Institute of Science. Now Eisenbach is trying to find out whether this phenomenon could be exploited to help treat the most stubborn infertility cases.

Scientists in South Korea are on the verge of a breakthrough in a procedure doctors have been dreaming about for some time: the freezing and storage of unfertilized eggs. Sperm and embryos are regularly frozen for later use, but not eggs, which quickly lose their viability when manipulated outside the body. But Dr. Kwang Yul Cha, an endocrinologist at Cha Women's Hospital in Seoul, reports that his team has produced two pregnancies from eggs matured not in an ovary but in a Petri dish—a major step in the eventual perfection of egg freezing. Many scientists expect that the procedure will be available within the next few years.

That could be a godsend for a young woman facing surgery or chemotherapy that would destroy the functioning of her ovaries. Such a woman would have the option of putting her healthy eggs on ice for future use. That option might also appeal to, say, a professional woman inclined to postpone childbearing. Theoretically, at least, she could store her best, grade-A eggs during her most fertile years and pull them out of the deep freezer at a later age should she run into trouble conceiving. Not everyone, though, would

approve this use of an expensive technology. Even more provocative is a new area of research that combines the techniques of in vitro fertilization with the latest advances in genetic screening. Abnormalities like sickle-cell anemia or cystic fibrosis are present in the genetic code from the moment of conception. Since embryos in their earliest stages are fairly forgiving—they can lose a cell or two without impairing their subsequent development—it is theoretically possible to remove a cell from, say, a 16-cell embryo, test it for a suspected defect, and get the answer before that embryo is inserted into the uterus for implantation.

Embryologists at several U.S. labs are doing just that. Doctors at Chicago's Illinois Masonic Medical Center have screened embryos from 15 couples who



Pamela and Jonathan Loew of Los Angeles went through hormone therapy, artificial insemination, an ectopic pregnancy and two rounds of GIFT before giving birth to Alexandra. Despite the cost, they plan to try again, using extra embryos stored in a cylindrical freezer.

THE \$30,000 BABY

Two GIFT procedures	\$18,000
Eight artificial inseminations	\$8,000
One frozen embryo transfer	\$1,000
Miscellaneous tests	\$3,000

TOTAL \$30,000

IVF. "I was so excited I couldn't sleep at night," says Cohen. Apparently eggs with a hole in their outer membrane somehow benefit from that hole. Cohen theorizes that embryos that don't implant may be having trouble "hatching" through the shell that housed the original egg. The tiny hole Cohen makes to help the sperm get in may be helping the embryo get out—and may suggest a method for helping increase implantation rates across the board.

In April scientists from Israel and the U.S. reported a new finding that may offer yet another way to help infertile couples. It had long been assumed that there was no communication between egg and sperm until they collided in the Fallopian tube. But by closely watching the behavior of sperm in test tubes containing the fluid

How Old Is Too Old?

Jonie Mosby Mitchell is three months pregnant and thrilled about it. She and her husband adopted a baby girl three years ago, and they are eager to produce a sibling for her. Nothing unusual about that, except for the fact that Mitchell is 52. She went through menopause years ago.

Mitchell's pregnancy represents one of the latest and most extraordinary achievements of infertility science. By treating his middle-aged patient with hormones, Dr. Mark Sauer, at the University of Southern California, was able to essentially reverse the effects of menopause. Using an egg from a young woman and artificial insemination with sperm from Mitchell's husband Donnie, Sauer was able to establish the pregnancy. Mitchell is not even Sauer's oldest patient. He is also helping a 55-year-old woman, who has a 30-year history of infertility and was too old for in vitro fertilization when it was introduced in 1978. "She had given up hope of ever having a child, and came to me hoping for a miracle," says the sympathetic doctor.

Such miracles are now possible. Expensive, but possible. But is this an appropriate use of technology? When Sauer first used the technique, it was to help younger women who had gone through menopause prematurely. But after publishing his results last October, he was besieged by requests from middle-aged women hoping to turn back the clock. Should they be helped?

Not everyone in the field is enthusiastic. Some professionals fear that these new techniques will only encourage women to delay pregnancy. "There is a time and place for everything," says Dr. Georgeanna Jones of the Jones Institute for Reproductive Medicine in Norfolk, Va. "Women should know that their eggs age. They need to plan for their families and careers so they can have children earlier." Most in vitro clinics are reluctant to accept patients over age 40. The reason is primarily practical: the success rate for such women is minimal, though donor eggs can certainly improve the odds. Natural childbearing is also rare in this age group. Only 1% of the 4 million U.S. babies born in 1988 had mothers between ages 40 and 45, and less than .04% were born to women over 45.

From a medical standpoint, there are two problems with very late childbearing: health risks to the fetus and to the mother. After age 40, the risk of fetal abnormalities is substantial: the incidence of Down syndrome, for example, rises to 1 in 40 live births. (Using donated eggs from a young woman presumably reduces the risk.) The mother meanwhile faces increased risks of diabetes, obesity, high blood pressure and other complications of pregnancy—all of which can harm the unborn child. These problems are usually manageable, however, if the woman's health is generally good.

The ethical and social concerns are trickier. Jonie Mitchell will be 70 when her child graduates from high school. She is unlikely to live to see that child's children grow up. But such considerations have not deterred men from fathering children while in their 50s, 60s and even 70s. "If I can raise him or her until age 30, then he should be able to make it on his own," says Mitchell. She notes that her own mother had nine children and is still going strong at 86.

Psychologists point out that older parents are more likely to be emotionally and financially stable, even if they lack the stamina to chase a toddler for hours on end. "From the kid's perspective one could argue that it would be nicer to have a mother who can run faster than the kid," says Dr. Ellen Wright Clayton, a pediatrician and law professor at Vanderbilt University. But, she says, "the child's other alternative is not to exist." Not many 50-year-olds want to be pregnant, and not many can afford the \$10,000 or more it takes. Clearly, says Clayton, "if these women want to have babies this badly, then these babies are going to be loved."

—By Christine Gorman

Reported by Pat Cole/Los Angeles and Barbara Dolan/Chicago



At 52, Mitchell is happy to be pregnant

have a known risk of carrying such diseases as Tay-Sachs, a rare, crippling condition that often results in death by age four. Last week doctors at Cornell Medical Center began clinical studies on embryos at risk for cystic fibrosis.

These experiments are sure to arouse protests. Today most in vitro clinics are very careful never to purposely destroy viable embryos, they are required to sign an agreement specifying what will happen to any embryos they don't need: they can be donated to couples that can't produce their own or donated to research. But the premise of pre-embryonic genetic testing is that defective embryos will be destroyed. If the problem is a debilitating disease like Tay-Sachs, this may be justifiable. But what if couples choose to reject embryos whose only offense is that they are of the wrong sex? "You're dealing with human tissues from a human body," says Lynne Lawrence, at the American Fertility Society. "Like sex, it tends to cut near and dear to people's hearts and raises a red flag."

Society has just begun to wrestle with the financial burden of assisted reproduction. "It takes courage and cash," says Dr. Georgeanna Jones, whose work with her husband, Dr. Howard Jones, in Norfolk, Va., produced the first IVF baby in the U.S. A single in vitro cycle can cost \$6,000 to \$8,000, a burden most medical plans are not eager to share. Nine states have passed laws requiring insurance companies to cover the cost of infertility treatments, but resistance in the remaining states is strong. The question, says Leroy Walters, at Georgetown University's Kennedy Institute of Ethics, is "to what extent society has a responsibility to assist couples that are infertile." In Walters' opinion, society should pay for the diagnosis of the problem, "but beyond that, given the cost, I'd place the financial responsibility on the couples themselves." It may, for instance, be more in society's interest to encourage contractually infertile couples to adopt.

The Federal Government has tried to steer clear of infertility issues. Under pressure from right-to-life lobbies, it quietly cut funds for in vitro research in 1980, despite a Health Department study that called such a ban "neither justifiable nor wise." Last fall Congress appropriated \$3 million for three contraceptive centers and five infertility centers. But because of the government's ban on funding IVF research, the scientists haven't been able to begin their work. "Britain and Australia are surpassing us in research because of the restraints we face in this country," says Harvard's Ryan. "The U.S. government has created a moral vacuum."

And where there is a moral vacuum, there are lawsuits. Around the country, a number of bizarre court cases have



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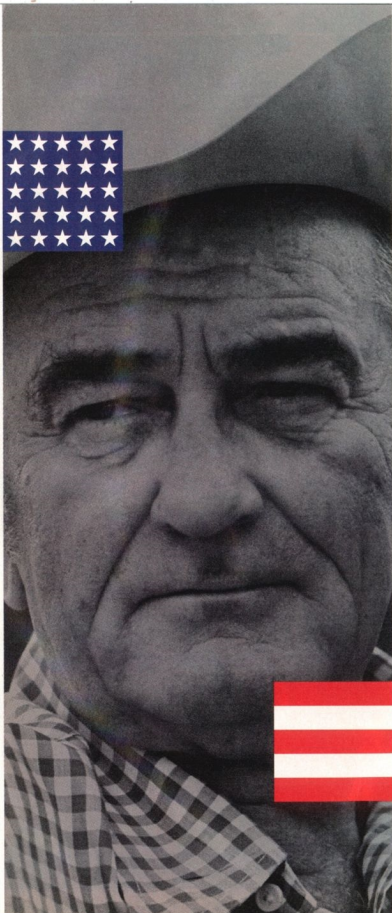
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When the power failed.

Lyndon Johnson surely was one of the most powerful figures in all of American political history. Born poor in the Texas hill country, he ran for local offices until he had enough of a name to try for the Senate. He was elected, and quickly became known as a shrewd and almost unstoppable wheeler-dealer. He lived for power, more than one observer has said; and when he became President, he used his incredible energy to push through social legislation the likes of which had not been seen since Roosevelt: Headstart, Medicare, public housing, civil rights. But his increasing commitment of American forces to Vietnam in the face of widening disillusionment with the war brought him more failure than he could deal with. He left politics alone and powerless.

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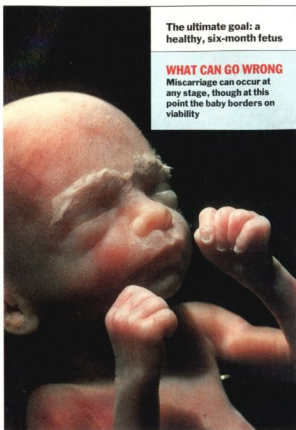
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cropped up as a result of ambiguities in the rules governing the new technologies. In one peculiar case, a wealthy couple died in a plane accident, leaving two frozen embryos as their only direct heirs; a court decided that the embryos could not inherit the estate. In a case that is still pending, a divorced Tennessee couple are battling over whether the woman has the right to make use of frozen embryos created while the couple were still married.

Making matters more confusing for consumers is the fact that success rates among the nation's 225 IVF centers vary wildly—from zero for new ones to 40% and better at some of the top clinics. And infertility specialists are not always what they claim to be. Some obstetricians print INFERTILITY on their business cards on the strength of three-month residency training programs. "They pick up infertility because it's easier than delivering babies at 3 a.m.," scoffs Dr. Richard Marrs, who headed the ethics committee of the American Fertility Society.

Horror stories abound. It is not unusual for a poorly trained physician to schedule advanced infertility treatments—even surgery—on a woman without first checking her partner's sperm count. A lawsuit is pending against a physician in Torrance, Calif., who is accused of duping patients into believing he was performing in vitro fertilization when he wasn't even collecting eggs. Consumers are advised to seek guidance from either the American Fertility Society, based in Birmingham, or Resolve, a



The ultimate goal: a healthy, six-month fetus

WHAT CAN GO WRONG
Miscarriage can occur at any stage, though at this point the baby borders on viability

investing all their hopes and dreams in achieving pregnancy. The Los Angeles couple went through a five-year effort that included hormone treatment, artificial insemination, an ectopic pregnancy, sperm washing and finally GIFT. "Intellectually you know it's a medical problem," says Pamela, "but emotionally you can't get it out of your mind that you're not like a normal woman."

When Pamela and Jonathan learned during a Las Vegas vacation that their first GIFT procedure had failed, they sat together in a rental car and cried. "It was pretty devastating," recalls Pam. When Jonathan got a call telling him that their second GIFT attempt was successful and that his wife was at long last pregnant, he was incredulous: "I couldn't believe that after five years we had finally hit the jackpot."

Today the passage of time has dulled the pain. Little Alexandra is 17 months old, and her parents are thinking about having a second child. They still have 12 frozen embryos saved from their second GIFT procedure, and during the next few months those embryos will be thawed and inserted, a few at a time. But whether it works or not is of much less moment to Pamela and Jonathan now than it would have been two years earlier. As baby Alex sits in the living room, engrossed in a music video playing on the VCR, they know full well that they are already ahead of the game.

—Reported by

Ann Blackman/Washington, Barbara Doan/Norfolk and Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

national infertility organization with headquarters in Somerville, Mass. "You need to be a careful consumer," warns Dr. Arthur Wisot, a Redondo Beach, Calif., infertility specialist. "If you're going to invest all your life's hopes and dreams, you should at least check out the qualifications of the medical group."

Pamela and Jonathan Loew know about

time. But whether it works or not is of much less moment to Pamela and Jonathan now than it would have been two years earlier. As baby Alex sits in the living room, engrossed in a music video playing on the VCR, they know full well that they are already ahead of the game.

—Reported by

Ann Blackman/Washington, Barbara Doan/Norfolk and Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

Milestones

RESIGNATION RESCINDED. By Frances Conley, 51, professor of neurosurgery at Stanford University School of Medicine; in Stanford, Calif. Conley announced last May that she was quitting the faculty after 16 years because of demeaning comments and sexist harassment by her male colleagues. The medical center has appointed a task force on discrimination and committees to review Conley's charges. Declaring herself satisfied with the administration's initial steps, Conley decided this month to continue teaching.

CHARGES DROPPED. Against Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, 72, Russian novelist who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1970 and who was charged with treason in 1974 for publishing *The Gulag Archipelago*, his unflinching chronicle of the brutality of the

Soviet system of prisons and labor camps. The Brezhnev government stripped Solzhenitsyn of his citizenship and forced him to leave the Soviet Union. But last week chief Soviet prosecutor Nikolai Trubin called the charges "baseless." The writer said from his home in Vermont that he planned to return to Russia after he finishes his work in progress.

DIED. John K. Fairbank, 84, pre-eminent American scholar of Chinese history; in Cambridge, Mass. Educated at Harvard and Oxford, Fairbank first went to China in the early 1930s and joined the Harvard faculty in 1936. During World War II he served in the Office of Strategic Services and as an aide to the U.S. ambassador to China. In 1946 Fairbank returned to Harvard, where he helped build one of the

world's leading centers of East Asian studies. After Chiang Kai-shek's army was routed by the communists in 1949, Senator Joseph McCarthy charged that Fairbank helped "lose China" by turning the Truman Administration against Chiang. In the 1960s Fairbank advocated U.S. diplomatic recognition of the Beijing regime and its admission to the U.N.

DIED. Zino Francescatti, 89, French violinist renowned for his large rich tone and his dexterity in the tradition of the peerless Paganini; in La Ciotat, France. At three, Francescatti began his study of the violin with his father, who had been taught by the Italian master Camillo Sivori, protégé of Paganini. His concert tours with Maurice Ravel and with pianist Robert Casadesu won him wide acclaim.

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Science

The Wizards of Hokum

Like many grand enterprises dressed up as serious science, Biosphere 2 is part publicity stunt

By ANASTASIA TOUFEXIS

At dawn outside Oracle, Ariz., this week, amid Indian chants and whirling cameras, four men and four women clad in bright red jumpsuits will wave farewell to this world and enter a newly minted one. For two years they will live inside a sealed terrarium, about the size of 2½ football fields, that mimics a more primitive earth. Tending their crops and livestock, they will receive nothing from outside. Dubbed Biosphere 2 (the earth is Biosphere 1), the glass-and-steel-enclosed structure has been seeded with 3,800 species of plants and animals in five different wilderness ecosystems: a desert, savannah, rain forest, marsh and 7.6-m-deep (25-ft-deep) "ocean" complete with coral reef. The experiment, seven years and \$100 million in the making, has been hailed as the most exciting scientific project since the effort to put man on the moon.

But Biosphere 2 raises a question that vexes researchers: Is it grand science or a grand stunt? The scheme boasts great ambitions: to learn more about our fragile ecosystems and how to restore them, and to create a self-sustaining environment that could serve as a model for space stations or colonies on other planets like Mars. Colossal and romantic, the project has attracted the participation of scores of researchers from august institutions, including M.I.T., Yale, the Smithsonian, Britain's Royal Botanic Gardens and the University of Arizona's Environmental Research Laboratory.

But many scientists see Biosphere 2 as a kook's dream and a rich man's whim: John Allen, who used to call himself Johnny Dolphin, the engineer, ecologist and poet-playwright who hatched the scheme and heads the project, and Texas billionaire Edward Bass, who is financing the venture, have been described as onetime members of a cultlike commune. Biosphere participants have admitted that the degrees some of them received from the Institute of Ecotechnics in London are something of a sham; the institute was set up by Bass to confer legitimacy on the project.

Flimsy credentials are matched by flimsy premises, say critics. For one thing, knowledge of the earth's ecosystems is still so limited that it is ridiculous to attempt to duplicate one environment, let alone five. And NASA researchers, who have spent more than a decade studying how people could support themselves in space, scoff at

the idea that a two-year project will produce meaningful results. To many scientists, Biosphere 2 is little more than an ecological theme park. By summer's end, 600 tourists a day—at \$9.95 an adult—were visiting the site and its well-stocked gift shop.

Biosphere 2 is not the only project to blur the line between hokum and hard science. In fact, a vital symbiosis seems to be developing. Today even the purest adventuring, from climbing Mount Everest to

very fuzzy line," says Barry Gold of the National Academy of Sciences. "When is a scientist a good entrepreneur, and when does he become P.T. Barnum?"

As for the Biospherians, they insist that there is nothing fraudulent about their enterprise and chalk up many of the objections to misunderstandings between "hard" scientists and those in the softer field of environmental research. Ecosystems cannot be strictly controlled as can experiments in a lab, observes Kathleen Dyhr, the project's director of communications. "The charges are those every ecosystem ecologist has to face all the time from laboratory scientists."

Defenders of the project predict there will be solid scientific findings and benefits,



The eight adventurers will be sealed off from the outside world for two years

trekking across Antarctica, often comes cloaked in scientific respectability. Consider the 1990 International Trans-Antarctica Expedition. Publicity about the seven-month trek played up the scientific research: collecting snow samples, conducting experiments in meteorology and monitoring the team's physiology. But the expedition emerged mainly as an exotic sporting event. To date, few scientific findings have been published, and critics point out that such information can be obtained in cheaper and safer ways.

In a bid to capture public favor—and scarce research money—more and more scientists are indulging in overripe theatrics. Marine geologist Robert Ballard of Woods Hole, Mass., for example, hyped his search for the wreck of the *Titanic* to lure funds for more serious efforts to develop sophisticated underwater cameras and robots. "It's a

but even if there are not, so what? Inventor Paul MacCready, who has won both public praise and scientific acclaim for designing the human-powered flying machines known as the *Gossamer Condor* and *Gossamer Albatross*, contends that the true measure of a project's value is not whether it produces hard data but whether it provokes the human mind. "Who can say Lindbergh's flight was scientifically important?" he asks. "There was no new land discovered, and if you asked at the time, people might have said the development of the eggbeater was of more value. But the flight ended up stimulating aviation." As for the trip to the moon, "all we really got out of that was a handful of dirt," he notes, "but it gave us new insights into the way we view the world." So bon voyage, Biospherians! —Reported by Andrea Dorfman/
New York and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles

People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole



If You Knew Xuxa

There on *Forbes'* list of the highest-paid entertainers, nestled between Tom Clancy and Mel Gibson, was someone named XUXA. Xuxa? That's right, Xuxa (pronounced SHOO-shah), an immensely popular Brazilian entertainer who at 28 is an industry unto herself. Movies, TV shows, records, comic books—all aimed at children and all wildly successful—are the stuff of Xuxa's magic, which she hopes to work in the U.S. as soon as she conquers English. "My work is my great love," says Xuxa, who cites Samantha from *Bewitched* as an influence. "I try to create fantasies and help people to dream."

PHOTOGRAPH BY



PHOTOGRAPH BY

Caught Using

He is one of the swiftest men in baseball, the National League's leading base stealer, but last week **Otis Nixon** stumbled. The Atlanta Braves' catalytic lead-off hitter tested positive for cocaine use and was suspended for 60 days and all post-season play. It was a shocking setback for Nixon,



PHOTOGRAPH BY

who had passed more than 200 drug tests since a 1987 drug arrest, and also for the Braves, at batting for last a season ago. Poetically, Nixon's replacement in the lineup is Lonnie Smith, a former cocaine user.

On Her Way

Perhaps the reason **Carolyn Suzanne Sapp** cried when she was crowned this year's Miss America is that she knew what was coming. Just a few days into her reign, Sapp became Miss Controversy: there were rumors of a romance with Donald Trump, an unearthed tape of her racily modeling bikinis and some nasty comments from a disgruntled fellow competitor. But the most serious revelation was that last year Sapp sought a restraining order against a boyfriend she claimed had beaten her.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

That ordeal, she says, is behind her. "I am a strong person," insists Sapp. "And I had enough courage to leave a relationship that wasn't healthy."

Bathgate Can Wait

Hollywood loves to play a game called What's Wrong with this Picture? You take a big-budget movie, wait for its release date to be postponed, then call it the next *Heaven's Gate*, a legendary flop. Hence *Billy Bathgate*, starring **DUSTIN HOFFMAN** and **LOREN DEAN** and originally due in July, becomes *Billygate*. But industry gossip aside, *Bathgate's* director, Robert Benton, is bullish. "It's an extraordinary story," says Benton. "It's unlike any gangster film you've ever seen." Why the delay? An unrealistic release date and routine reshoots. Nobody said the game was fair.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

Ouch!

It was a rough week for Michelangelo's *David*. First a deranged man struck the marble masterpiece with a hammer and broke off part of a toe on the *David's* left foot. Museum officials set up a rope barrier that now keeps visitors 10 yds. away from the statue. Then an Oregon junior high school prevented its students from watching a report on the attack that was broadcast on *Channel One*, a news program for youngsters. A school official cited concern over its "full front view of the sculpture." Now if only the assailant had knocked off a different part of the *David's* anatomy...



PHOTOGRAPH BY

His Punch Is Better Than Ever

NORMAN MAILER, with a giant new novel and a dampened anger, talks about Bush's virtues (yes, virtues), political correctness, the men's movement and reincarnation

By **BONNIE ANGELO**

Q. Do you think George Bush is a wimp?

A. I don't think he's at all a wimp. His great asset is that he's perceived as a wimp—it's always a strength for a public figure if the public misperceives him. People come in to deal with the man, or indeed a woman, with a misperception. Then their reflexes aren't ready for what's really there.

Q. So you see George Bush as . . .

A. A very canny, tough, self-centered political figure who would have huge difficulty in passing a course in philosophy. He's a little bit like Maggie Thatcher. I don't think he's of her stature. (I must say of all the politicians I've disliked in my life, she has the most stature. Her only equal in the world was Gorbachev.) Like Thatcher, Bush is full of cant—he believes what it is necessary for him to believe at any given moment. No philosophy whatsoever.

Q. O.K., you say these things about Bush, but how do you account for the fact that he has a 68% approval rating?

A. That's not hard. It's because—what can I say—the spiritual security of this nation at this point in history is analogous to the spiritual security of the battered wife. We've been through too many shocks as a country.

We had the three assassinations—J.F.K., Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy. We had a dreadful war, Vietnam. We had Watergate. We then had eight years of the Pied Piper. Who told us everything was fine, we were a great nation and not to worry.

And we now are facing a depression. We as a nation don't want to face facts. Like a battered wife who just wants a little security, a little peace and quiet. So it's in the national interest at this point for most individuals to believe the President's a good man—and a nice man. He may even be for all I know, but that has nothing to do with it because nice men can be incapable of solving problems just as much as bad men. Maybe more.

Q. Recently you warned that the country may be sliding toward

fascism. That's pretty strong stuff. Do you see any trace of repression in our present government?

A. Totalitarianism, I'd rather say. I don't think we're ever going to have a cheap fascism of Brownshirts and goose stepping or anything of that sort. We're too American for that. We would find that ridiculous.

But there are always traces of repression. And you can find it in a Democratic government too. People who are "right-minded," you know, are always with us. But I think so long as we can move along with the economy, we're all right. It's just if there's a smash, a crash—that's when I'm not at all optimistic about what's going to happen.

Suppose there are riots in the ghetto. The disruption could be so prodigious in the cities that a lot of people would go around saying we need martial law. Then you might have camps. Then a certain amount of free speech would be considered an excessive luxury. Which is the beginning of repression.

I'm hoping we blunder through.

Q. How do you feel about the Clarence Thomas nomination?

A. I think it was the niftiest move from his point of view that George Bush has made since he's been in office. I would just say to my fallen liberals, stop grouching. I mean, the guy pulled off a beauty. I wish we could come up with moves as brilliant as that.

Because no matter what happens now, Bush has won. If Clarence Thomas is stopped, then they're going to get some right-wing white judge who'll be further to the right. Bush saw a way to divide that solid black vote and took it. I think he succeeded. Because they can't in good conscience say no to a black man succeeding.

Q. You were a cornerstone of the New Left after World War II, yet you call yourself a left conservative.

A. I love the idea of a left conservative because it gets rid of political cant. We're stifling in it. One of the diseases of the right is self-righteousness. I do believe that America's deepest political sickness is that it is a self-righteous nation.

One of the diseases of the left is political correctness. If you're out of power for too long, then you just get worse and worse about how important your own ideas are.

Q. What's the outlook for the American novel? They say the new generation doesn't read.

A. A novelist may end up being as special to the scheme of things as poets, because the larger engines of society are moving toward immediate consumer satisfaction.

We really may be superannuated. I hope not, but there's no question that we all feel that we may be a dying species or an endangered species.

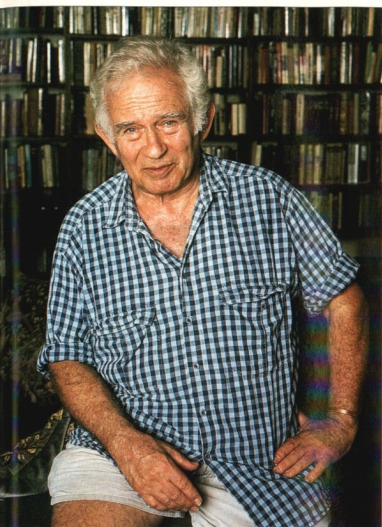
Q. Why is this?

A. Television. I have nine children. I've seen what television has done to them, and I sat there powerless to stop it. They watch it all the time. Their culture is television.

Q. The women's movement is surely allied to liberal politics, yet you've had a long-running feud with feminists.

A. Well, say a long-running feud with me.

In a book I wrote, *The Prisoner of Sex*, I said that biology is half of destiny for women. Freud said biology is destiny, but if they throw out Freud's remark entirely, they are losing



"Women are quite the equal of men in every stupidity and vice and misjudgment that we've exercised through history."

Q. What about the men's movement as defined and led by poet Robert Bly?

A. I believe Bly and I are thinking on parallel lines. He may be a touch too mystical to my taste, but I think there are great mysteries to masculine psychology. And this assumption that men have had it easy—you know, from the women's point of view, all men have to do is press buttons, in effect, and live well—doesn't begin to understand the complexity of the pain of masculine experience.

It is not automatic to become a man. It's very hard to become a man. It is one's life search. One has to go through several states of transcendence, has to go through life's opacities to become a man.

Q. Would Hemingway's macho heroes have relevance in literature today? Have they gone out of style?

A. No, no, far from it. They're in every advertising commercial. You see people rappelling down a cliff, you see guys doing a 360-degree flip on a surfboard, skiers bank off three trees and drink a beer. Hemingway, in a literary sense, discovered machismo and the need for certain people to be macho. He didn't go into the philosophy of it, but my God, he certainly dominates advertising. And Wall Street. More's the pity. The American male is very oriented toward Hemingway.

touch with something absolutely vital. As women liberate themselves, they have to recognize that they carry a burden. Just as men carry other burdens.

Q. Have you changed your views at all in the years since those clashes?

A. Yes. I had a great many prejudices that have since dissolved. But what I still hate about the women's movement is their insistence upon male piety in relation to it. I don't like bending my knee and saying I'm sorry, mea culpa. I find now that women have achieved some power and recognition they are quite the equal of men in every stupidity and vice and misjudgment that we've exercised through history.

They're narrow-minded, power seeking, incapable of recognizing the joys of a good discussion. The women's movement is filled with tyrants, just as men's political movements are equally filled.

What I've come to discover are the negative sides, that women are no better than men. I used to think—this is sexism in a way, I'll grant it—that women were better than men. Now I realize no, they're not any better. At this point I can recognize, well, if they're not any better, then they absolutely are entitled to the same rights as men.

Q. When you look at America today, what do you see?

A. We've got an agreeable, comfortable life here as Americans. But under it there's a huge, free-floating anxiety. Our inner lives, our inner landscape is just like that sky out there—it's full of smog. We really don't know what we believe anymore, we're nervous about everything.

Q. You espouse some surprising points of view, for example, belief in reincarnation.

A. I happen to believe in it, but I'm not going to argue with anyone about it. It just seems to me that if we lead our lives with all that goes wrong with them, and then we die and that's the end of us, that doesn't make much sense. It doesn't go anywhere. Or if we die and go to heaven or hell, I can't quite perceive the sense in that. It just seems like two hugely expensive stations to keep going.

But if we're reborn, everything that was good and bad about us goes into the reincarnation. And God—I suspect and hope, if God isn't too tired—is exceptionally witty. So

when you come up for that judgment, the post you're given for the next time out may not be exactly to your heart's desire.

The other possibility is that there's a huge bureaucracy in heaven as well, and if it's worn out—which is terribly frightening for me—there might be a lot of miscarriages of justice up there. That's why some people hate the thought of reincarnation. What if they're the victim of an injustice or poor selection? And there's no appeal!

Q. For a man once celebrated as pugnacious and outrageous, you seem very serene these days.

A. That legend is 30 years old. It's a misperception of me that I am a wild man—I wish I still were. I'm 68 years old. The rage now is, oh, so deep it's almost comfortable. It has even approached the point where I can live with it philosophically. The world's not what I want it to be. But then no one ever said I had the right to design the world. Besides, that's fascism.

Harlot's Ghost: A Ghostly Tale

By PAUL GRAY

At first glance Norman Mailer's much anticipated and subverted new novel beggars description. Saying, for openers, that it is very, very long is like observing that the Grand Canyon is quite roomy. The next step is to point out that mind-boggling immensity seems to be one of the points of the exercise. Mailer's narrator, an aging CIA hand named Herick ("Harry") Hubbard, who has written the two manuscripts that make up the bulk of *Harlot's Ghost* (Random House; 1,310 pages; \$30), notes that he has been guided by Thomas Mann's assertion "Only the exhaustive is truly interesting." By that standard alone, Harry and Mailer have produced the most interesting book in recent memory.

Unfortunately, other criteria for engaging a reader's attention also exist: plot, suspense, characterization, dialogue, effective prose. In all these areas, *Harlot's Ghost* runs into serious difficulties, sometimes intermittently, sometimes over the long haul. No one can deny Mailer's monumental ambition in this novel or his dedication to the hard, sloggish work that writing an enormous narrative entails. What can be questioned is whether his fundamental premise—a fictional history of a real Central Intelligence Agency—was not misconceived from the beginning.

For the first 100 pages or so, facts hardly impinge on a burst of bravura storytelling. Harry recounts his drive, on a chilly night in March 1983, from a sexual tryst with a waitress at a roadside restaurant back to the Keep, his ancestral home on an island off the Maine seacoast. For complicated genealogical reasons, the house is now owned by his aristocratic wife Kittredge (full name: Hadley Kittredge Gardiner), who was formerly married to Hugh Trentmont Montague, Harry's godfather and mentor at the CIA.

Harlot, as Montague insists on being called by close associates, has been crippled by a rock-climbing fall that killed his and Kittredge's only child, a teenage son. Though in a wheelchair, Harlot has forgiven Harry's betrayal with Kittredge sufficiently to enlist him in a top-secret investigation of the agency; both are trying to learn about "the High Holies," a code name for a possible CIA subplot to amass funding secretly by tapping into the deliberations of the Federal Reserve Board. As Harlot explains to Harry, "Advance information on when the Federal Reserve is going to shift the interest rate is worth, conservatively, a good many billions."

And then, already guilty over his infidelity earlier on that March night, Harry hears shocking news, both from his wife and from a CIA crony who has materialized in the house: Harlot's body has washed up in Chesapeake Bay, most of his head blown away by a shotgun blast. Who killed Harlot? Himself? The KGB? A rogue enclave within the CIA that is now on its way to murder Harry? Still another possibility exists: the body

was an elaborate plant and Harlot is happily on his way to Moscow, bearing a career's worth of invaluable secrets.

This long opening riff is fine and engaging, comparable to the best passages—fictional or otherwise—that Mailer has ever written. Harry's narrative sails forward on a river of Scotch, melodrama, sex, paranoia and typically Mailerian metaphysics (Harry knows why his waitress-girlfriend was so pleasant to him the first time she worked his table: "She saw money coming in all kinds of emotional flavors. It took happy money to buy a dependable appliance"). At the end of all these pyrotechnical effects, which include a persuasively real ghost in Harry's basement, the hero has achieved some pressing problems and his narrative some genuine tension.

So what happens next? Well, Harry hides out in the Bronx for a year, writing up the account of this momentous night, and then takes off for Moscow, where he rents a hotel room and reads the 2,000 microfilmed pages of the typed manuscript he has been composing for years about his life and the CIA. While Harry does this, so must everyone else who has been lured into his predicament, since there is now nothing else but this history going on in *Harlot's Ghost*.

Here is where a joyride turns into a forced march. Harry shackles himself to chronology: his privileged upbringing, his prep schools, his Yale, his initiation into the CIA, his subsequent postings to the world's hot spots—Berlin in 1956, Latin America in the late '50s, South Florida during the U.S. Castromania of the early '60s. To certify his authenticity, Harry begins quoting extensively from letters he wrote and received, from interoffice memos, cable traffic and transcripts of bugged or wiretapped conversations. Mailer has invented all these reams of evidence, of course, but they come trickled out to look just as mundane and quotidian as the real things.

Toward the end of his history, Harry inserts a diary he kept during the weeks leading up to the Bay of Pigs fiasco in April 1961. Some 60 pages of documentation follow, recording in minute detail, sometimes hour by hour, the preparations for this doomed venture. The trouble is, all this information has been in the public record for several decades. The only new twist that *Harlot's Ghost* brings to this old story is Harry's anxiety that his CIA colleagues will learn he is keeping an unauthorized record of the proceedings. And this road leads to unintentional comedy: "I am back in the loo, writing away."

Something has clearly gone wrong here. Mailer finally does not use history but succumbs to it. Those who want to read about the real CIA can profitably dip into some of the more than 80 books the author lists in a bibliography at the end. Those eager to read Norman Mailer, his unique imagination and intellect reshaping the known world, should read the opening pages of *Harlot's Ghost* and hope, someday, for more of the same.

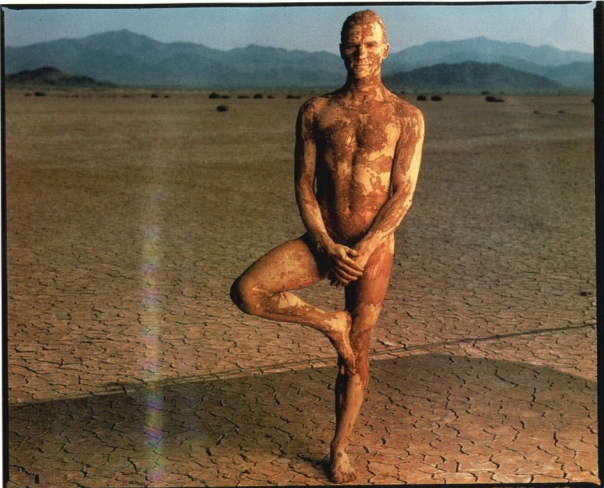
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STING, LUCERNE VALLEY, CALIF., 1985 /Leibovitz

Photography

Shadows and Eye Candy

Major new books from Annie Leibovitz and Irving Penn frame two contrasting angles on the celebrity—and the mysterious Other

By RICHARD LACAYO

Virginia Woolf believed that human nature changed "in or about December, 1910." Actually, it must have been sometime between 1943, when Irving Penn became a photographer at *Vogue*, and 1983, when Annie Leibovitz moved her camera from *Rolling Stone* to *Vanity Fair*. That would explain why the human race that appears in Penn's new book, a career summation called *Passage* (Knopf-

Callaway; \$100), looks so different from the one that we see in *Photographs Annie Leibovitz 1970-1990* (HarperCollins; \$60).

Or maybe it's just a small, exotic slice of humanity that has changed, the subspecies called celebrities. The decorous public figures in Penn's photographs have become Leibovitz's feral children. Buck naked, streaked with paint or hanging from trees, they sport through the pages of her book and across the walls of the International Center of Photography in New York City,

where a retrospective of Leibovitz's work is on view through Dec. 1, before traveling across the U.S. and Europe.

In Penn's world, reputation counts for more than celebrity, and fame is no laughing matter. Posed against bare backgrounds and pressed by mortal shadows, his stalwart artists and writers are icons of modernism at its most brave, clean and reverent. Their solemnity may be a pose in itself, but it has its metaphorical power. Penn's fashion shots take on greater weight in the company



SITTING WOMAN, NEW GUINEA, 1970/**Penn**

NATIVE COSTUMES

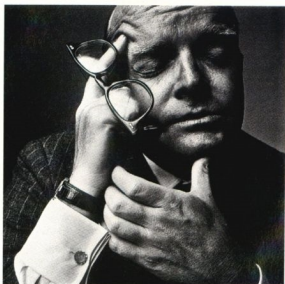
The exotic is where you find it. So is the familiar. Penn found both in New Guinea, left, where he framed one woman's unbreachable foreignness in the context of the universal love of sophisticated ornament. Leibovitz reversed the terms with Sting, far left. Her rock star plays the wild man.

FAMOUS FACES

Leibovitz has wit and a gift for graphic simplicity. Those are not always advantages. Her blue Blues Brothers, below left, is eye candy, a superior publicity shot. By contrast, Penn's looming Capote, below right, at the height of his fame and the start of his slide, is a portrait.



JOHN BELUSHI AND DAN AYKROYD, HOLLY WOOD, 1979/**Leibovitz**



TRUMAN CAPOTE, NEW YORK, 1965/**Penn**

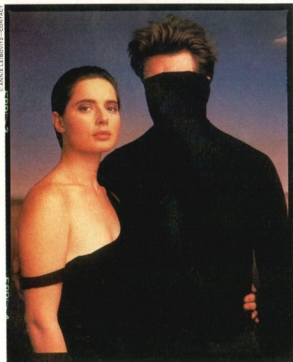
Photography

© 1974 JENNIFER PENN. COURTESY OF CONDE NAST



WOMAN IN BLACK, MAN IN WHITE, MOROCCO, 1971/Penn

© ANDY LEIBOVITZ—CONTRAST



ISABELLA ROSSELLINI AND DAVID LYNCH, NYC, 1986/Leibovitz

MASQUERADES

In Penn's picture, above, concealment stirs the viewer's sense of peering into a world that will not yield up all its secrets. Leibovitz uses concealment, left, as a metaphor for Lynch's strenuous weirdness. Both owe something to the masks that were a favorite prop of surrealism.

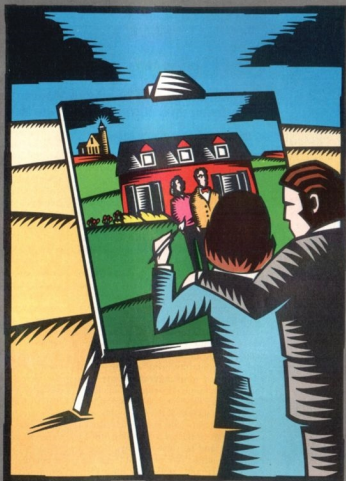
of his portraits; the passage of time seems to hang over them both. They in turn magnify the effect of a third kind of picture that he started taking in 1967, when he began to haul his neutral backdrops around the world and put before them tribal warriors in New Guinea or the women of Cameroon.

At around the same time Penn was also photographing hippies and Hell's Angels, so he would have known that it was no longer necessary to travel very far to fall off the edges of Western civilization: the tribal types were gathering at home. One of their favorite spots was the backstage world of rock, where Leibovitz started shooting for *Rolling Stone* in 1970. It was a place where parents imagined that the wickedness of paganism converged with the self-indulgence of childhood, as if the *Satyricon* were being played out in the aisles of Toys "R" Us. Judging from a few of Leibovitz's early pictures—like one of rock drummer Keith Moon trysting with his groupies—those parents had a point. Rock had become the gateway through which the mysterious Other—dark, hedonistic, erotically charged—would find its way out into mass culture.

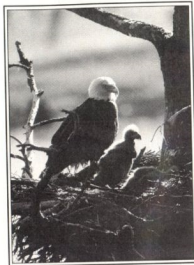
What few suspected was how quickly all of that could be put to the service of marketing, in rock videos and ad campaigns. Leibovitz has been a crucial figure in this transition. In her most talked-about portraits of the past decade, she brought a pagan abandon to the authorized depiction of celebrities, a bit of primal fire for the image machine. All those masks and naked flesh, all that mud and body paint: what Penn found in West Africa, Leibovitz brings out in Keith Haring, Lauren Hutton and Roseanne Barr. In the 1970s she discovered that Mick Jagger looked like a wicked faun. A decade later, she applied that look to Jeff Koons, '80s art buffoon and husband of the Euro-porn star and Italian legislatrix Cicciolina. Naked, painted gold, Koons is a naughty sprite who darts a little pink tongue. By the time Leibovitz made her famous cover shot of Demi Moore, pregnant and unclothed, it was hard not to see the actress as the photographer's own version of a fertility goddess.

The paradox of Leibovitz's best-known work is that it tries to twist propriety in the slickest possible style. Which may be why so many of her subjects, no matter how manically they act up for the camera, are prone to look shrink-wrapped in their own renown. In these rich, sanitary frames, the antics can fall flat, the Bette Midlers and Steve Martins can emanate nothing so much as the fact of their famousness. In pictures that are bright, clear and eye-catching, they become the corporate logos of their own celebrity. This must be what a primal impulse looks like after it has been fully digested by the world of public relations, ad agencies and department stores. We have met the Others. They "R" Us. ■

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Living



This prime ranchland, owned by Ted Turner, is off limits to hunters

Cattlemen vs. "Granola Bars"

The glamourati are flocking to Montana's Big Sky Country—and stirring up cultural warfare with longtime residents

By JEROME CRAMER LIVINGSTON

Tahoe and Aspen are overcrowded; Santa Fe is commercialized; when a mogul or a movie star wants to enjoy untainted American spaces, what's left? Try Montana. For members of the names-in-bold-print set, from Ted Turner to Tom Brokaw, from Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan to Mel Gibson and Kiefer Sutherland, from Emilio Estevez and Charlie Sheen to Oakland A's owner Walter Haas, the Big Sky State has become the hottest of hideaways. Says Russ Francis, a former San Francisco 49er football star who recently joined the rush to Big Sky Country: "This is the last best place in America."

What began as a trickle 15 years ago has turned into a wave of well-to-do outsiders, as business tycoons, movie stars and other pilgrims bring a taste of the Chardonnay-and-chèvre life-style to the underpopulated northern rangelands. Rocker Huey Lewis has bought a spread in the western section of the state, joining anchorman Brokaw and stars Michael Keaton and Jeff Bridges. Fashion designer Liz Claiborne and her husband own not one but two ranches. "We went out to stay in a small resort and ended up buying the place," she says. Ted Turner has purchased about 127,000 acres of prime land just north of Paradise Valley and Yellowstone National Park and is building a home there; he is believed to be the largest landowner in the state. Even baritone Pablo Elvira has moved west; he sponsors an opera festival in downtown Bozeman each May.

For every celebrity there are dozens of ordinary travelers who visit, fall in love and buy (or dream of buying) vacation homes. It is easy to see what entices them: breathtaking landscape, boundless fresh air and only 5 people per sq. mi. (vs. 3.3 deer and hundreds of trout). "It's a long way from the trade lanes and booming coasts, but it's a wonderful place to live and work. Trouble is, everybody wants to claim it all at once," says Tom McGuane, the laconic author (*Ninety-Two in the Shade, Something to Be Desired*) who beat the trend by moving to the state in 1968.

The flood of newcomers has also brought new values and enthusiasms to the high prairie, sometimes outraging longtime residents in the process. Take elk hunting, for example, which is about as popular in Montana as golf is in Palm Springs, Calif. Turner infuriated hunters by barring them from his property. Old-timers retaliated by taking out newspaper ads warning Turner to stay off their land. Then Turner announced he would raise buffalo, not cattle, on his spread. "The buffalo were here first," he insisted. Local cattle ranchers are worried that the strange herds might spread disease. They are even more concerned about a campaign by environmental activists—known sneeringly as "granola bars"—to reintroduce gray wolves to Yellowstone Park. Ranchers fear the predators will grow hungry, start roaming and devastate their herds.

For decades Montana ranchers have viewed the privilege of using federal grazing land as an inalienable right. Now hikers and campers object to soiling their boots in high

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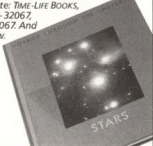
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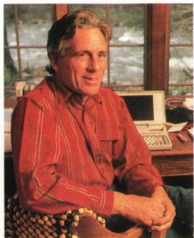
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Living

mountain pastures used by cows as summer feeding grounds, and many of them want the cattle banned. A new range war, in fact, is mounting between those in the traditional occupations of mining, logging, ranching and farming and those who want the state's resources protected. "The traditionalists have to realize that we've reached the end of what we have to waste," says naturalist and writer David Quammen. Some environmentalists have raised the slogan "Cattle-Free by '93." Ranchers reply with bumper stickers that read CATTLE GALORE BY '94.

Some of those battles are liable to rage for years to come, but the influx of newcomers has helped spur at least one long-term benefit: an effort by McGuane and others to

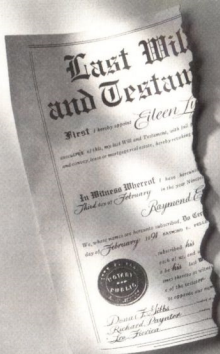


Author-preservationist McGuane

preserve their land through conservation agreements. A group called Montana Land Reliance arranges tax breaks for landowners who pledge never to subdivide their holdings and to protect their water and streams. So far, the Reliance has placed 77,000 prime acres of ranch property under agreements that protect more than 170 miles of stream and riverbanks. Others, including Turner and Claiborne, have promised their land to the Nature Conservancy and similar groups to protect it from development.

There is a touch of irony to those high-minded efforts. Would they be quite so necessary, some folks wonder, if the glamorous set had simply stayed away in the first place? As one sign of the permanent change that glitz has wrought, a line of 250 people recently snaked down the block leading to the local Moose lodge in the ranching town of Livingston, about 80 miles north of Yellowstone. Farmers, local ranchers and teenagers were answering a casting call for parts in a movie about fly-fishing, soon to be shot by Robert Redford. The film is sure to entice even more visitors to the state's trout streams, leaving locals even more irked than they already are at the vacation styles of the rich and famous. ■

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Behavior

Look Who's Listening Too

Mothers have long tried to stimulate their unborn children. Now a "cardiac curriculum" does the same thing.

Sometimes new parents can't wait to give their children a head start in life. They begin before the baby is even born. In hopes that sounds will somehow influence the fetus in their womb, zealous moms-to-be have attended classical concerts or kept tunes playing constantly at home. Now there is an updated, high-tech version of that technique: a contraption that delivers complex sonic patterns to unborn children, to excite the fetal nervous system and exercise the baby's brain.

The essence of the \$250 system is simple: a belt, with two speakers in a pouch, to be fastened around the moth-

up on things fast," says their mom. "They have an energy for learning."

The baby tapes are the creation of Seattle developmental psychologist Brent Logan, founder of Prelearning, Inc., a prenatal-education research institute. "This is not a yuppie toy," says its inventor. "We have barely literate families who are using the tapes." To date, 1,200 children—the oldest of whom is now four—have "listened" to the recordings. Last year 50 of the youngsters, ranging in age from six months to 34 months, were given standardized language, social and motor-skills tests. Their overall score was 25% above the national norm.

Many medical experts, however, remain skeptical. Dr. Thomas Easterling, who teaches obstetrics at the University of Washington, believes the idea of fetal improvement is possible but doubts Logan's claims for his belt. Parents who try the tapes, says Dr. Kathryn Clark, a San Francisco obstetrician and mother of a one-year-old, are "highly motivated people who would have been doing some kind of nurturing anyway." Also, she points out, prenatal do respond to sound and become restless, but "we don't necessarily know that they like it. They might want to get away from it."

Although ultrasound tests are used almost routinely on fetuses, Dr. Curt Bennett, professor of pediatrics at the University of Washington, says there is a possibility that the baby tapes could be harmful. "Sound waves that are too intense might have fetal consequences," he says. The better-baby belt, he adds, "is an intervention after all, and it does have the potential to be risky."

Early next year, Engenierics, a research company in Snohomish, Wash., will begin to market a smaller sonic-stimulation device for the baby-in-waiting. Logan has more prenatal-improvement products in the works—as yet undisclosed—as well as some postnatal items for the sonic-belt kids. He predicts that one day pregnant women will be wearing devices that offer an even more sophisticated curriculum. What next? Violin lessons for the unborn? —By Emily Mitchell.

With reporting by D. Blake Hallinan/San Francisco



As son Richie looks on, Lisa Altig sends drumbeats within

er's abdomen. A series of 16 audiotapes, dubbed the "cardiac curriculum," plays an increasingly complicated pattern of heartbeat-like sounds (one mother describes them as African drumbeats) to the unborn infant.

Some users swear by the tapes. Melissa Farrell of Lake Wallenpaupack, Pa., had always thought that reading aloud would affect the unborn. When she became pregnant, the electronic fetal-improvement system seemed a good way to give daughter Muryah Elizabeth "as much of an opportunity as possible and see if it would stimulate her thought process." Though only 21 months old, Muryah plays with toys designed for youngsters twice her age, Farrell says. In Kirkland, Wash., Lisa Altig is using the tapes for a third time. Her two children, Natalie, 3, and Richie, 18 months, were relaxed babies who now "seem to pick

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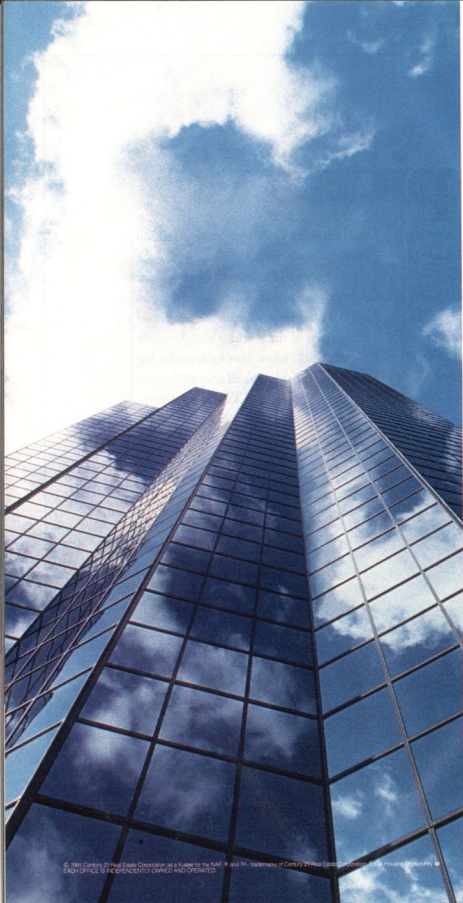
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Education

What Does a Stomach Do?

The "cultural literacy" guru focuses on elementary school

Author E.D. Hirsch Jr. set educators squabbling with his 1987 best seller *Cultural Literacy*, which tried to establish the minimum shared knowledge that American schools ought to provide. The University of Virginia English professor listed 4,600 items, ranging from the electron to the Emancipation Proclamation, that every educated adult should be able to identify. Now Hirsch is taking his program of core knowledge to the elementary-school level. In the first two of a six-textbook series for Grades 1 through 6, he boldly proposes the things tots ought to learn.

What Your 1st Grader Needs to Know (Doubleday; \$15) asks youngsters, among other things: What did Little Miss Muffet sit on? What does a stomach do? Which is the biggest continent? Who was Louis Armstrong? The second-grade volume advances to questions about Robin Hood, the Great Wall of China, counting to 100 and the human sperm and egg.

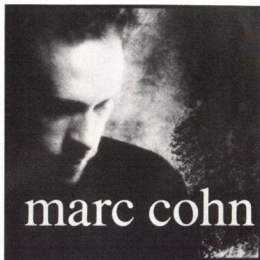
Fundamentally, Hirsch is aiming at a controversial objective: a national core curriculum for U.S. students. The professor created the Core Knowledge Foundation of Charlottesville, Va., which spent four years defining material for each grade. The Hirsch canon was tested last year at a Florida elementary school. The materials represent a consensus among hundreds of educators consulted by the foundation. "I do not believe there is such a thing as one best core knowledge," Hirsch says. "What's absolutely essential is getting political agreement about a specific core, so that we can get on with the job." One omission: Bible stories (teacher consultants deemed them unduly sectarian). However, Hirsch was careful to include facts and achievements concerning women, Native Americans, blacks and Hispanics.

Hirsch argues that the lack of a nationwide curriculum is itself an aspect of discrimination, since privileged youngsters are more likely to pick up essential knowledge even without help from schools. "Ours is a very, very unfair system," he asserts. His books represent one man's idiosyncratic attempt to change it.



Hirsch

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Television

The Way We (Maybe) Were

Against conventional network wisdom, three new shows hark back to the warm, fuzzy glow of the past

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

The sound track serves up a luscious, Big-Band rendition of *It's Been a Long, Long Time*. On the screen, black-and-white photos dissolve one into another: soldiers coming home, couples embracing, homey shots from Main Street. "In the autumn of 1945," a female narrator intones, "America was invincible. The countertops at the soda fountain were still made of marble. Sodas cost a nickel. And Coke—well, it only meant cola."

In a nostalgic mood yet? If the opening of ABC's *Homefront* doesn't get you, try CBS's *Brooklyn Bridge*, a fond look back at growing up in Brooklyn circa 1956. NBC's *I'll Fly Away*, meanwhile, paints a moodier watercolor of life in a Southern town in the late '50s, just as the civil rights movement was gathering steam. In a medium that is usually more comfortable with the here and now, the timely issue and the hip wisecrack, three of the most ambitious shows of the new season are harking back to the past.

Period pieces have never been a TV favorite. True, the western was once a network staple (and the genre has made a modest comeback recently, with such shows as *Paradise and The Young Riders*), and a small handful of hit series have been set in the past. But these shows were mainly interested in using the past for its symbolic or mythic value. The Minnesota frontier of *Little House on the Prairie* and the Depression-era South of *The Waltons* were essentially the same locale: an all-American Everypiece, where ethical issues and family dramas could be worked out against an idealized backdrop, far from the messy moral ambiguities of modern days.

In the new crop of nostalgia shows, by contrast, a particular period is re-created precisely and dwelt on lovingly. In a sense,

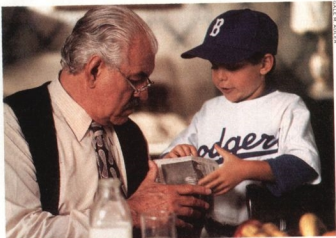
these shows are about the past—a past, moreover, that most viewers personally remember (or, thanks to the media, think they remember). And though none of these eras are portrayed as totally idyllic, they give off a warm, comforting glow. Their problems seem more manageable

ther's old songs. For David Jacobs, an executive producer of *Homefront*, the current fascination with the past is reminiscent of fin-de-siècle Europe a hundred years ago. "The last decades of a century are always reflective," he says. But Jacobs and his fellow TV producers insist there is more involved. Says Gary David Goldberg, who has based *Brooklyn Bridge* on his own childhood: "If the show is an exercise in nostalgia, it will be a brief exercise. The truth of the family has to come out."

In fact, Goldberg's autobiographical series cuts closer to the bone than any of his

previous sitcoms (which include most notably the long-running *Family Ties*). *Bridge* focuses on 14-year-old Alan (Danny Gerard) and his extended Jewish family, headed by a nosy, domineering grandmother (Marion Ross). Filmed with more attention to detail than most sitcoms (and with no studio audience), the show revels in '50s icons, from mah-jongg games to Brooklyn Dodgers memorabilia to the inevitable rock-'n'-roll oldies on the sound track.

At its best, which is very good, *Brooklyn Bridge* rings with fresh and funny childhood observations. Alan's grandmother forces him to choose his dinner from frozen foods in the refrigerator even before he finishes breakfast. A school hood, taunting Alan and his friends in the rest room, demands to know if they are Jewish. "Not if you don't want us to be," one replies. Sentimentality gets the upper hand only in the show's "big" scenes: when Alan's nine-year-old brother (Matthew Siegel) meets his Dodger hero, Gil Hodges, or when Alan has to choose between a popular club and his dorky best friend, Grandma, the Robert Young of this series, is a bit too refined and understanding, and Alan is too much of an obvious winner. Leave it to a TV writer to



The good old days: *Brooklyn Bridge*, *Homefront* and *I'll Fly Away*

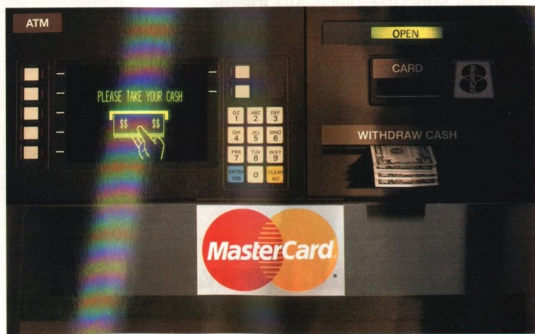
when viewed in hindsight. We know how everything came out.

The sudden popularity of prime-time nostalgia is hardly surprising. Oldies radio stations are thriving; TV tributes to Ed Sullivan and *All in the Family* drew blockbuster ratings last season; Natalie Cole hit the top of the charts by bringing back her fa-

remember himself as the cutest kid in class.

The memories are equally warm and fuzzy in *Homefront*. In this postwar soap opera set in a small Ohio town, mothers greet their returning soldier boys with "your favorite pie" and chide their kids with quaint clichés like, "You move as slow as molasses in January." Not that there

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Television

isn't trouble in this paradise. One veteran comes home to a sweetheart who has fallen in love with his brother. There are stirrings of race and sex discrimination as well. A black veteran applies for work at the local factory but is told the only opening is for a janitor. A widowed mother is fired from her factory job to make room for the returning vets. Her boss's advice: "Find yourself a husband."

Homefront is a slick, satisfyingly busy soap opera, which suffers mainly by comparison with the show it has replaced on ABC's schedule: *thirtysomething*. Next to that complex and very contemporary drama, *Homefront* seems a throwback in more ways than one. The characters are drawn in primary colors and the confrontations hyped for melodramatic effect. This is the sort of TV drama where a girl puts on her wedding dress, races to the train station to greet her returning beau and meets—who else?—the war bride he has brought home but never told her about.

Where *Homefront* is loud and brassy, *I'll Fly Away* is quiet and relentlessly sober. Sam Waterston, with his somber mien and drooping shoulders, plays Forrest Bedford, a liberal-minded prosecutor in a small Southern town who is raising three children on his own. (His wife has been hospitalized after a nervous breakdown; Forrest, meanwhile, is growing friendly with a rival lawyer, played by Kathryn Harrold.) The family has just hired a new maid, Lily (Regina Taylor), who becomes the focus for an exploration of changing race relations at a crucial historical time.

The echoes of *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *The Member of the Wedding* are hard to miss, and the show's two-hour pilot moves as slowly as, well, molasses in January. Yet producers Joshua Brand and John Falsley (*St. Elsewhere*, *Northern Exposure*) have created a drama of rich texture, few tricks and much truth. The racial issues are sketched in deft, understated strokes, from the way Lily quietly eats her dinner separately from the family she has just served to her six-year-old charge's innocent questions after a bus ride ("How come me and you had to change our seats?").

I'll Fly Away rises above mere nostalgia, but it doesn't avoid romanticizing the past. The Bedford children are a bit too precocious in racial matters (15-year-old Nathaniel is bold enough to visit a black juke joint to listen to the music) and Lily too poetically noble. The town's first racial protest, moreover, is a sit-in that might have been a model for Gandhi. To protest the verdict in a case that Forrest has prosecuted, demonstrators gather slowly on the courthouse steps. They sit motionless, hushed, intense—almost holy. The way it was? Or the way TV would prefer to remember it?

—With reporting by

Deborah Edler Brown/Los Angeles

Cinema

Side Trips into Daydream

Two films of stage shows by Lily Tomlin and Eric Bogosian provide peeks into funny, beautiful and diseased minds

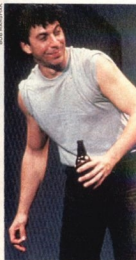
By RICHARD CORLISS

We all live monologues. These conversations with ourselves are the endless, anarchic commentary running in our brains. They contain—just barely—our rage and desperation. They are the rough drafts of spoken discourse, the side trips into daydream irrelevancies, the lusts and prejudices left unsaid but so deeply felt. Ultimately, our interior monologues amount to a lifelong novel in progress, or perhaps the world's windiest suicide note. Transcribed, they could tell more about what we are than everything we do.

They don't get into films much; main-

of *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, written by Jane Wagner, was a solo dazzle and a terrific human comedy. Through its dozen or so characters, it provided a panoramic 20-year history of American womanhood. The heart of the piece is Lyn, earnest careerist-wife-mom, exhausted by achieving feminism's goals: "We can have it all. We already have it all. We just got it all at once." And the narrator is Trudy, bag-lady philosopher: "My mind didn't snap; it was trying to stretch itself into a new shape."

In stretching the play to film size, a few things snap. The communal intimacy of live theater, for one; at first the piece sounds more like a rant from across the street than



The best acting in current movies: Bogosian and Tomlin

stream movies are mostly fists and kisses. But when a monologue works—directly, unmediated by elaborate sets and scripts, with one gifted person on a stage—it can work big. Richard Pryor proved that with his first two concert films. He scalded all civilized pretensions off his persona and helped audiences laugh and gasp at the exposed wound. Eddie Murphy, Bill Cosby and Andrew Dice Clay also did monologue movies, but they lacked Pryor's life-or-death juice; they were mainly marketing tie-ins to the comics' celebrity.

Now two wondrous monologists, Lily Tomlin and Eric Bogosian, offer moviegoers a peek into beautiful and diseased minds. The films, based on stage plays, are a bit more careful, more artful, than Pryor's but just as worthy. And just as funny.

Onstage, Tomlin's *The Search for Signs*

like the compassionate campfire chat it was. But as *Search for Signs* reaches its climax, artist and author stride over these nettles. If this isn't a goose-bump experience for you, you're just not sentient.

Bogosian's *Sex Drugs Rock & Roll*, handsomely filmed by John McNaughton, is a 10-pack of modular monologues. The subjects don't interact with one another; they shout at invisible targets. But it's soon manifest that in their common rancor, they constitute a lost tribe of American masculinity. The street stud, the down-home Don Juan, the vicious entertain-

ment lawyer, a couple or three psychopaths—all plan their killer strategies and lullaby themselves with fantasies of apocalypse and revenge. Bogosian rarely sentimentalizes his creatures or provides the familiar monologue arc of comedy, poignancy, comedy. As writer he creates and stands back; as actor he inhabits while he satirizes. He implicates himself.

The two films display the best acting in current movies—volcanic emotions, precisely explored. But their great gift is to tell you what folks think when no one is listening. "If they ever knew what I was thinking," man," says one of Bogosian's drugged-out misanthropes, "I'd be dead." But these movies know that the mysterious mind is where we all live. With acute daring, Tomlin and Bogosian say, These people are not other people. They're us, inside.



Bloodlust: Kimberley Pistone, Clark Gregg

Theater

MTV Drama

UNIDENTIFIED HUMAN REMAINS AND THE TRUE NATURE OF LOVE
by Brad Fraser

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

The first thing one notices about off-Broadway's newest and best play is the audience: instead of the usual middle-agers, these spectators are young, hip, the MTV generation. They don't go to the theater very often—a lot of them find it sedate—but the thriller they are watching (and laughing at in all the right places) might be characterized as MTV drama. It is told in montage, in short riffs of scenes and crosscuts and simultaneous action instead of symphonic arcs of speechifying. Its characters are impeccably dressed, drop-dead cool and not very happy. The plot, like a music video, features casual nudity, simulated sex and arrestingly etched violence: a man soaked in blood from eye sockets to navel, a woman with a knife at her throat.

The underlying theme is how much easier these urban young find it to couple in the dark than to commit their hearts or even voice their feelings. A woman bluntly tells a man trying to seduce her that the romantic method won't work. The central male, informed that someone loves him, replies that no such thing exists. His best friend's mantra: "Everybody lies." To underscore the nihilism, playwright Brad Fraser, 32, interweaves teen folklore of erotic mayhem, references to AIDS and a gradual unveiling of a serial killer—all with mordant humor (a man going to a pickup bar shouts to his female roommate, "I have a blind date with destiny!"). A hit in Fraser's native Edmonton, Alta., and in Chicago, *Human Remains* is not only stylistically apt and journalistically observant about its rock-and-anomic world but also deeply felt and thought. It stunningly blends punk popular appeal and poetic power.

Music

Misfit Metalheads

To enjoy the red-hot rock 'n' roll of Guns N' Roses, you have to get past their violent, sexist and racist lyrics

By JOE QUEENAN

For the original cover of their monstrously successful 1987 debut album *Appetite for Destruction*, Guns N' Roses selected a painting of a sinister robotic figure towering over a ravished female with her undergarments around her knees. The album, whose leitmotifs were violent sex, drug abuse, alcoholism and insanity, featured lyrics like "Tied up, tied down, up against the wall/ Be my rubber-made baby/ An' we can do it all." The record sold 14 million copies.

Buoyed by this success, the Gunners in 1988 exhumed some archival material and released a stopgap, extended-play album with such lyrics as "I used to love her/ But I had to kill her"; "Police and niggers, that's right, get out of my way"; and "Immigrants and faggots... come to our country and think they'll do as they please/ Like start

a mini-Iran, or spread some f... disease." The record sold 6 million copies.

Buoyed by this success, the Gunners have now made rock-'n'-roll history by simultaneously releasing two completely different albums with virtually identical covers: *Use Your Illusion I* and *Use Your Illusion II*. This time out, the Gunners, while clinging to their trademark bitch-slapping posturing, have also introduced such engaging new subjects as bondage, the lure of homicide and the pleasures of drug-induced comas. They offer a song called *Pretty Tied Up*, accompanied by a drawing in the lyric sheet of a naked, bound and blindfolded woman. They also graphically invite the editor and publisher of *Spin* magazine, Bob Guccione Jr., to

Rose in bloom, right, and in white hat, below, with band members Duff McKagan, Dizzy Reed, Matt Sorum, Slash and Izzy Stradlin



KEVIN MAZUR—LONDON FEATURES



perform oral sex on the Guns N' Roses' irrepressible lead singer, W. Axl Rose.

The two albums (price: \$15.98 apiece on CD) went on sale at midnight last Monday, and many large stores stayed open to accommodate sometimes raucous crowds of buyers who had milled about for hours. Nationwide, the albums sold an estimated 500,000 copies within two hours of going on sale, and 1.5 million copies within three days. With 7.3 million records already shipped to dealers around the world, the record company, Geffen Records, has encouraged wild talk that the album could be as big as Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, the top-selling record of all time (more than 40 million copies sold worldwide).

It would be unfair to attribute all, or even most, of Guns N' Roses' success to their unrelentingly sexist and uncompromisingly violent lyrics or to their forays into xenophobia, racism and sadomasochism. Rock 'n' roll has always been filled with sexist, violent bands, but very few of them sell 14 million copies the first time out of the chute. What sets the Gunners apart is that they are a genuinely electrifying band that neither looks nor sounds like the interchangeable Whitesnakes, Poisons and Bon Javis that make up the drab MTV universe. What the Gunners play is very, very good. What the Gunners say is very, very bad. Of 30 songs on the new albums, 10 contain the F word. That's why several chains—including

ing K Mart and Wal-Mart—won't stock them.

The Gunners stick to the serious business of rock 'n' roll, synthesizing the Stones and the Sex Pistols to produce Aerosmith for the '90s. They never drift very far from the jackhammer style that began to dominate the idiom two decades ago. This is the main reason their audience is not entirely limited to 16-year-old boys with baseball caps worn backward. Guns N' Roses tenaciously clings to hard rock's tradition of being loud, mean and obvious. No one alive looks more like rock stars than Rose, 29, and guitarist Slash, 26, with their tattoos, their headgear, their emotional problems (Slash has frequently used heroin, and Rose is a manic-depressive) and their we-so-old-soul-to-rock-'n'-roll attitudes.

The Gunners' success is giving the kiss of life to a moribund record industry, and has kept rock 'n' roll from doing what it keeps threatening to do: expire. Veering between creaking dinosaurs like the Grateful Dead (the hottest concert act of the past summer), pious scolds like Sinéad O'Connor, and mopey '60s retradees like R.E.M., rock 'n' roll is in need of the juice that only true believers like Guns N' Roses can supply.

The Gunners certainly know how to stay in the news. With Rose's brief marriage to Erin Everly, daughter of singer Don Everly, Slash's drunken, profanity-spewed acceptance speech at the 1990 American Music Awards (carried on live

Tap, a pseudo-rock documentary chronicling the disastrous final American tour of the world's stupidest rock band. Surveying the Gunners' career, one gets the impression that the band may have seen the film, entirely missed the satirical thrust, and elected to pattern themselves after Reiner's brain-dead metalheads.

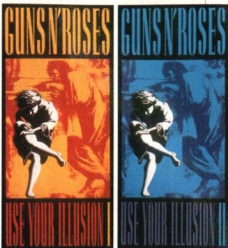
It's hard, for example, not to question the intelligence of a band that uses the word niggers even though its lead guitarist, Slash, is half black. It's hard not to be puzzled by a band that agrees to appear at a benefit for the Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York City, only to get bounced off the program because its latest record contains the word faggots. It's hard not to be mystified by a band that goes on a 25-city tour after a two-year absence and puts out two new albums after the tour is over. And it's hard not to chuckle at a band whose lead guitarist spends a sizable chunk of his *Rolling Stone* interview discussing the death of his pet snake Clyde, ("Had he been sick for a long time?" inquired *Rolling Stone*, in arguably the most unforgettable rock-'n'-roll interview question of all time. Yes, the snake had.)

The *Use Your Illusion* albums seem certain to keep selling well. Although the first

As the new albums, right, went on sale at midnight last Monday, buyers crowded around stores like Tower in New York City

fashion byzantine intellectual justifications for the vicious anti-Semitism of the rap group Public Enemy or the uninterrupted verbal degradation of women that is the stock-in-trade of 2 Live Crew.

It is a very troubling thought that never in the history of the business has the record industry has been so dependent for its financial well being on the success of such social misfits. Whereas in the past the industry has looked for a shot in the arm from the cuddly Beatles, the enigmatic Michael Jackson or the populist Bruce Springsteen, it now turns its yearning eyes



JAMES KEVOR FOR TIME

TV), Rose's annulment of his marriage, guitarist Izzy Stradlin's arrest for urinating in an airplane galley, and Rose's arrest last November after allegedly hitting a female neighbor on the head with a wine bottle (the charges were later dropped), you have the makings of a mythology that Keith Moon would envy.

On July 2 at a concert not far from St. Louis, Rose got into a fight with a camera-toting biker (cameras are banned at Guns concerts) and ended up storming off the stage, to the dismay of 20,000 fans. In the ensuing riot, 16 people were arrested, 60 were injured, and \$200,000 in property damage was sustained.

The band's exploits bring to mind Rob Reiner's priceless 1984 film *This Is Spinal*

album is better than the second, and although neither contains a song as memorable as *Sweet Child o' Mine* or *Paradise City* from the *Appetite for Destruction* album, both are exciting, well-produced records, with plenty of catchy rockers and only a handful of outright duds. The guitars are hot, the drumming is hot, the vocals are red-hot. Anyone who can get past the off-putting lyrics will be buying one of the best rock albums of the year. Or two of them.

Assisting the layman in getting past the lyrics will be the cottage industry of those rock critics who earn a living by explaining away the Gunners' verbal excesses as "satire," "parody" or a crude but sincere attempt to achieve a sort of audiophonic cinema verité. These are the same people who

to a bunch of young men who, by even their own admission, are "sociopsychotic."

And whiners. Yes, one increasingly grating thing about the band is their inexhaustible capacity for self-pity. Having been coddled from birth by their record company and by MTV, and having been given a free ride by the rock press, the Gunners nevertheless cannot get off the whinemoobile, as they moan about the demanding life of a rock star. According to *Forbes*, the Gunners will earn \$25 million in 1990-91. These guys don't know how to take yes for an answer.

So they retreat into Guns-vs.-the-world self-pity. "Don't damn me when I speak a piece of my mind," sniffles Rose in the band's most annoying new number. "Cause silence isn't golden when I'm holding it inside." Poor Axl. A talented vocalist and a whirling dervish of a stage performer, Rose is nonetheless one very disturbed human being, who sings, "I'm a cold heart-breaker/ Fit to burn and I'll rip your heart in two." This is probably true. But even truer, and more appropriate, are the words once sung by his obvious intellectual forbear, the Scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*:

*I would not be just a nuffin',
My head all full of stuffin',
My heart all full of pain.
And perhaps I'd deserve you
And be even worthy of you,
If I only had a brain.*



Essay

Philip Dunne

Men, Women And Tears

President George Bush, while watching on television his nominee to the Supreme Court, Judge Clarence Thomas, describe to the Senate Judiciary Committee the lack of indoor plumbing and other deprivations of his humble childhood, informs us that he was moved to tears. In his own words: "I choked up on it."

This is not the first time this year that the Chief Executive has indulged in a manly effusion of moisture. On June 6 he told a gathering of Southern Baptists that last January, while praying just before he let slip the dogs of war, "I had the tears start down the cheeks." There was even a hint of further tears in his eyes as he made this confession, which, according to newspaper reports, was rewarded by the crowd with a prolonged standing ovation.

Since then there have been a few negative reactions from critics who seem to consider tears a sign of weakness in the human male. Unfortunately, it appears that there are still some among us who refuse to move with the times, and remain captives of an outworn Victorian ethic.

The notion that men should not display their emotions in public, and most specifically that they should never shed tears, was enshrined during the 19th century in the Spartan code of English public schools, which popularized the doctrine of the stiff upper lip, and was articulated by many writers, from early Victorian Charles Kingsley ("Men must work, and women must weep") to late Victorian "Mr. Dooley" ("Among men . . . wet eye manes dhry heart").

In this more enlightened age we no longer deny the boon of tears to half our population, nor the joys of honest labor to the other half. Today, doubly reversing Kingsley, women must work—or else—and men, far from keeping a stiff upper lip, must "let it all hang out," especially if they hope to get ahead in politics. There are cogent historical precedents.

A case in point is the 1952 presidential election, when vice-presidential candidate Richard M. Nixon averted political disaster for the ticket of Dwight D. Eisenhower and himself when he delivered his famous Checkers speech. As California's junior Senator, he had accepted a regular allowance from a group of wealthy Los Angeles businessmen, and there appeared to be real danger that he would be dropped from the ticket. In his speech, he neglected to answer the charges directly, but informed a listening electorate, with quavering voice and moistened eye, that he was a virtual pauper, whose sole assets were a little dog named Checkers and his wife's cloth coat.

Nixon's judicious employment of his tear ducts enthralled the nation and helped propel his ticket to victory over Adlai E. Stevenson, who even in defeat clung to the discredited Victorian ethic by quoting Abraham Lincoln's anecdote about a little boy who stubbed his toe and said that it hurt too much to laugh but he was too big to cry. Poor Stevenson, a prisoner of the past, deserved to be a loser. For the more up-to-date Nixon, the prize was the vice presidency and, 16 years later, the White House itself.

All who can remember 1952 experienced a sharp jolt of déjà vu 35 years later during the Iran-*contra* hearings of 1987. When the Reagan Administration nominated Lieut. Colonel Oliver North as its designated fall guy, North's brilliant attorney, Brendan Sullivan Jr., had his client not only boldly defy Marine Corps protocol by appearing before the congressional panel in full uniform with a chestful of decorations but also present his defense with the same quaver of voice and modicum of manly moisture in the eye that had served Nixon so well. The result was a tidal wave of Olliemania that swept the country, made lying to Congress a paradigm of patriotism, and is still fondly recalled by those who relish the fine art of political lachrymosity.

A little later, in a semipolitical setting, television evangelist Jimmy Swaggart, confessing to a sin or two here and there, employed the same strategy but different tactics, opting for all-out bawling on camera. And, just as it worked for the fictional Elmer Gantry, so, in a rare case of art imitating art, it rewarded Elmer's analogue in real life.

But still, none of these stellar performances can compare with that of President Bush. Like the old vaudevillian Ted Healy with his famous triple slap across the faces of the Three Stooges, the President achieved three objectives with one stroke: to evoke a nation's sympathy for a brave man's tears, to present this effusion of salt water in a religious setting, and to remind us of a Commander in Chief's brilliant military triumph in the gulf.

Future Presidents who find themselves faced with the awful prospect of sending men and women into battle will be comforted and inspired by his example. It is a pity that such of his predecessors in the White House as Abraham Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt, each bearing on his shoulders the burden of a nation in dire peril, should be forced by the Victorian ethic to forgo the solace of a good cry. And then there was General George Washington at Valley Forge, who reportedly cried as seldom as he lied.

But it must be admitted that to one entire class of American citizens, the strictures of an antediluvian past still seem to apply. Representative Patricia Schroeder, announcing her withdrawal from the 1988 presidential race for lack of funds, was greeted by her supporters with such a storm of affectionate protest that she was moved to tears. For this she was castigated, not only by supercilious males but also by a gaggle of superheated feminists, as just another weak woman, temperamentally unfitted for the presidency.

If there is a moral to all this, it could be that in today's political climate, men may weep, but women must prove themselves made of sterner stuff. ■

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